Horticultural Society

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, THE FARM AND THE GARDEN. THE FIRESIDE, RURAL LIFE, LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS, NEWS, &c.

AND NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURE.

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Editorial.

FEBRUARY ON THE FARM.

The work at this season of the year is rather of the "pottering kind," that is, it consists of the chores about the house and the barn, getting in wood, taking care of the stock, and other matters which seem to be trivial in themselves, and yet they are as necessary as any of the more important labors of the farm, if we would have everything go on smoothly about the premises. There would is still the main dependence, it is quite important to cut and get up a quantity sufficient to last through next summer. It is a good plan to keep a year's stock on hand, and then we avoid being driven into a corner and having to stop work in the busy season to run and get up a load of wood. Now that the coast is clear we can certainly cut enough and trust to the clouds to send us snow before the end of March on which to haul it.

We still like the old fashioned wood fire, though it cannot be denied that coal has the advantage of making a more durable and less troublesome fire. But the old open fireplace, with its great backlog, was a comfort in its time, though it is fast fading out of the memory of men. Good seasoned wood is more economical than green wood of any kind, and it is far more satisfactory to use. Now is the best time to look after it and lay in a good supply. The weather, thus far, has been decidedly favorable to the wood pile, and we must set it down as some small gain from such a mild and open winter.

But among all the duties, at this season of the year, nothing exceeds in importance the proper care in the management of the feeding of stock, especially on the dairy farm. It is not sufficient that special care be exercised while the cows are in milk, for the mode of feeding when dry has a very direct and marked influence upon the product in milk the following season. This is a fact too often overlooked. The winter feed of cows when dry is generally much inferior to that when they are in milk, while it should differ, at such times, in quantity rather than in quality.

It has been said that nothing comes out of the bag that is not first put into the mouth, and every farmer knows that however good the feed of his cows, his success will depend very much upon feeding, regularity and management. Good hay ought to form the basis of the winter feed of cows on most farms, and if the cows are not in milk they will get through the winter upon it in tolerable condition; but we think that some roots or other milk producing food is almost important for them as for cows actually giving milk. It keeps the system in a healthy condition and the digestive organs are all the better for it. Dry cows will require less of this kind of food, to be sure, than cows in milk, but still some swedes, mangolds, carrots or potatoes will be very useful, and if the cows are in milk, as in the winter sick dairy, it is very useful to cut up some roots and hay, and after putting on some clover or Indian meal, scald the whole mass with hot water in a close box. It softens the whole and renders it succulent. Cooking may not actually add anything to the nutritive quality of food, but it certainly makes it more palatable as well as more digestible, so that an animal gets more good out of it than it possibly could in a raw state.

We believe in point of fact, most of our best milk dairymen prepare the food of their cows in some such way. We cannot learn that there is any uniform method of preparation, but some practice what might be called cooking or steaming to a much greater extent than others. If the hot water is added in a tight box and the mass is allowed to stand with the cover or lid closed for some hours, it has the effect of a regular cooking.

Now what we wish to impress upon all farmers, is that cows when dry will do much better the following season, to pay for a little extra attention of this kind in winter; that the feeding of such cows should differ in quantity rather than in quality from the feeding of cows in milk. The plan we have suggested of preparing the food in a tight box and treating it with hot water is a simple and cheap method of securing some of the advantages of steaming. But it ought never to be forgotten that regularity, cleanliness and gentle treatment are the cardinal points in successful dairy management.

We know from the most accurate scientific investigations what constituents of food go to produce fat, what are heat and what to flesh producing, as well as what goes to build up the bony structure and what goes into the muscular tissues. There is a world of practical interest in these investigations, but in actual practice we have to deal with living organisms, and besides many circumstances come in to vary the results which theory would lead us to expect. The tests of the laboratory, in which a certain number of materials, under certain conditions, invariably combine and form certain substances, do not always guide us in our treatment of the living animal with its fine adjustment of nervous and muscular organization. Our results depend on physiological peculiarities, likes and dislikes and other circumstances over which we have little or no control. Food will relish one day, that may be rejected the next. What gives satisfactory results at one time will fail utterly at another. Indeed, under the same conditions of shelter, food and management, so far as we can tell, the yield of milk will vary in the same cow, and while one thrives on one kind of food, another will not. These things introduce some element of uncertainty into our calculations which is often due to hidden causes, but they only show the necessity of more careful study and observation. We ought to try to understand the wants and peculiarities of each one of our animals, and to bear in mind that the condition in which food is given will exert almost as perceptible an influence as the kind of food itself.

The questions which our daily observations present are worthy of study and solution, and there is no time in the year that can be devoted to them so easily as the present. Many good books are at hand in town and farmers' club libraries, and they may be consulted with profit. It is wise to take an interest in the discussions of the farmers' club, also, and to mingle in the social gatherings of the neighborhood.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman

GROWING OF POTATOES UNDER MULCH.

There are many ways of planting, growing and cultivating of potatoes. When the writer was young and a resident of one of the New England States, he worked among many acres in the growing of potatoes.

The usual course was to plough the ground deeply in late autumn; lightly in spring as soon as the frost was out, then make shallow furrows of say three inches deep, and three feet apart, and at every one foot plant one bud, having a piece of the potato that had been cut so long that the real tuber had dried, yet the bud or eye for future growth was fresh and good; cover this with two to three inches of soil and immediately cover the whole land with a mulch of four inches of straw, wild grass, sea or rock weed. When the potatoes were up two inches above the mulch, a furrow of three inches deep was thrown toward the row on each side of the row. After that a one horse harrow or cultivator was req ired, as the cultivation until after the blossoms were well matured.

F. R. E.

CONTAGIOUS CATTLE DISEASES.

REPORT OF COMMISSIONERS ON CONTAGIOUS DISEASES AMONG CATTLE.

To the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

The undersigned, Commissioners on Contagious Diseases among Cattle, are able to report that no specific disease has been prevalent in the herds of the State during the year past. The law of 1876, to prevent the recurrence of Spanish fever by the importation of cattle direct from the plains of Texas, and the measures instituted by the Commissioners to give information respecting the same, and for its enforcement, resulted that year in their exclusion, and, as was believed, with the ready acquiescence or co-operation of both cattle dealers and transporters.

The good effect of the law was so apparent, and its provisions were supposed to be so generally understood and approved, that the Board did not deem it necessary, the present year, to again call public attention to it, or warn individual parties against its infringement. But through ignorance, or intentional disregard of the enactment, sundry persons have brought small numbers of the interdicted animals within the State; though the fact was not ascertained until after they had been slaughtered, and such proof as was desirable for conviction under the law not attainable. We have reason to believe that cattle of this kind were transported by car to the Union Stock Yards in Watertown, and driven thence by public road over that route, contracted and died of Spanish fever.

Texans were taken from the cars of the Boston & Albany Railroad in Worcester, and driven thence two miles to the place of slaughter; and a native herd, which was driven on the same road subsequently, or grazed on a field which the Texans invaded, were attacked by this disease, to the number of twenty, eleven of whom died. A citizen of Upton, in Worcester County, procured a few of the same for beef; and they communicated the disease to his home stock, which resulted in the loss of eight animals.

The transactions in this line of stock during the warm season have been small indeed; but they have resulted in the loss of more than twenty choice natives, and the entire damage has been more than twenty-five hundred dollars, a sum which, though comparatively small, should serve as a danger-signal to all interested in the cattle-trade, and stimulate the Board to be more alert in future.

Spanish fever has caused suffering and immense loss in the Western States during the summer; and for a time it was hazardous for our dealers to purchase the native animals of those States, lest they might have been exposed to the disease while in transit, and loss caused by its subsequent development. The attention of the Board was called to a case of this character. A farmer of Great Barrington, in Berkshire County, purchased a drove of cattle, natives of Ohio, and transported them to his home over the route usually taken by Texans. Most of them contracted the fever, which afterwards developed, causing the owner much loss, and creating public alarm, though the disease was confined to that herd.

The operations of this disease at the West, and our slight observation of it during the year, have served to confirm the Commissioners in their oft-repeated opinion of its peculiar mode of transmission and dangerous character, and justify the legal enactments of the Legislature to prevent its introduction to the State. Of the sum of $500 appropriated by the Legislature of 1876 for the purposes of the Commission, $45.45 was expended in defraying the expenses of 1875, and $62.60 was expended in 1876. The remaining sum of $392.05, by law now reverts to the general treasury. If, during the present year, an exigency should occur requiring action and expenditure by the Commission, they would be powerless. Therefore, as a measure of precaution and safety, they recommend to the Legislature to make a small appropriation, to be used by them in accordance with the provisions of the law.

LEVI STOCKBRIDGE,
E. F. THAYER,
Commissioners on Contagious Diseases among Cattle.

Boston, Jan. 5, 1878.

WARWICKSHIRE HAMS.—Rub a large ham with two ounces of powdered saltpetre, and let it remain in the salting pan for twenty-four hours. Make a pickle of three pounds and a half of salt, one pound of sugar, four onions sliced fine, a peck of pale-dried malt, and one gallon of water. Boil all together for ten minutes; pour it over the ham, straining out the malt and onions. Keep the ham covered with pickle for three or four weeks. Take it out, wipe it dry, and smoke it slowly for two or three weeks.

☞ Careful experiments have determined that seventy four pounds of nitrogen, in form of nitrate, to 1,000,000 pounds of soil, were sufficient to feed the heaviest growth of wheat; sixty-three in case of rye, and fifty-six in case of oats. It is possible to supply in too large quantities even valuable plant food, and such over-supply may depress the yield, hence how important actual experiments by practical men are in determining the just proportions of fertilizing material for various soils.

Questions & Answers.

WEIGHT OF CATTLE.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Can you inform me through the columns of the *Ploughman*, how I can estimate the weight of cattle by measurement, one girth 6 feet 6 inches by a length of 5 feet 8 inches? How can this be brought into pounds by some simple rule? W.

We refer our correspondent to the article in the *Ploughman* of Jan. 19, on "Weight by Live Measure."—[ED.

HOW SHALL I REMOVE THE STUMPS?

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Having read the *Ploughman* several times, I have come to the conclusion that you might assist me, if you will give me your advice, as to which would be the most economical means I can get rid of the roots in my land. About five years ago, I bought five acres of woodland, had the wood cut off, but most of the roots remained in the ground, except one-half of an acre, which I have partially cleared. The roots are pine and oak, about three to the rod, medium size, and as I am a working man, (have to work for another and now out of work,) I want to know the cheapest possible way I can dispose of those roots by some liquor decomposition, or the cheapest mechanical means to get rid of them. The soil, I think, is quite good, light yellow, free from stone.

The land is about two miles from the centre of the city, and about one-half is low, rather wet; roots plenty. Now if I can get the best part cleared up, I might get something off of it. Shall I have to hire oxen to pull them out? As the land does not yield anything, and my means small, I do not want to go to much expense.

Yours, etc., J. W. L.

Fall River, Jan. 21, 1878.

You had better buy a stump puller. All the leading agricultural warehouses have them for sale.—[ED.

CHAMPION PIGS.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Mr. John McClure bought of M. Sullivan, the manager of the Squires' Farm, on May 28, 1877, two pigs six weeks old, a cross of Chester and Yorkshire, and killed them Jan. 14, 1878, (making them very near 9 months old,) and weighed, dressed, 828 pounds. We would like to hear from others who can beat this. J. M'C.

MAKING BUTTER IN WINTER.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Having the privilege of reading the *Ploughman* (by exchange,) as it is taken in our family, I send you a few simple rules for butter making in winter, as I have had an experience of more than thirty years. I have a closet in my kitchen occupying but little space, where milk never freezes. When I skim the milk, I set the cream over warm water, and let it get pretty warm, but not boiling; then put it away in my cream pail, stirring it each time. Before churning, I scald the churn, and warm the cream a little over warm water; sixty-two degrees by the thermometer is about right. Before churning I put in a teaspoonful of the "Butter Color" to ten quarts of cream, although experience must decide this matter, as cows differ so much. I have used it more than a year and introduced it to others, and it gives perfect satisfaction. If the butter is coming soft, I draw off the buttermilk and put in cold water, and it comes out all right. I should have said the "Butter Color" used is, Wells, Richardson & Co.'s "Perfect Butter Color." Respectfully,

Lancaster, Mass. CARRIE S. G.

WINTER IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Winter in New Hampshire commenced Jan. 4, in real earnest, about six inches of snow falling on that day. Up to that time we had enjoyed one of the finest seasons in the remembrance of the oldest people. The air was clear and the weather mild, the mercury going but a few degrees below the freezing point for weeks. This freezing and thawing will have a bad effect on the fall crop next season, especially on pieces that were seeded last fall. On some farms we have noticed the cattle grubbing in the fields up to the first of January. This is a very bad practice; the cattle will come out poor in the spring, and the hay crop will come in poor in the summer, and the farmer will come out poor in the end. I have kept my stock of cattle on fodder corn for the last month. It was sowed in drills, cut up and stocked at the proper time; after partially curing, it was carted to and set up in an open shed, where it kept green and nice. The stalks were from ten to fifteen feet high, yet the cattle eat it all clean. I am decidedly in favor of feeding it to milch cows, it keeps up the flow of milk, and the butter made from it is yellow and of fine flavor, and sells for thirty-five cents per pound. New Hamdshire farmers have no reason to complain. There was an abundant harvest of all crops, except fruit. Wheat was never better, ranging all the way from twenty to forty bushels to the acre. Corn averaged forty bushels, potatoes one hundred and fifty. Although all the products of the farm are low, yet they will buy in the market necessary articles of groceries and wearing materials as they would any time in ten years past. Wood delivered at the railroad brings from $3 to $4 50 per cord, but the cost of chopping and hauling is less, so that the farmer gets as much for his wood as he did five years ago, and it will buy nearly double the amount of goods. As a general thing, our farmers are out of debt; I know of but a very few farms that are under mortgages, but I know of a good many farmers that have got thousands of dollars in the savings banks, and every dollar earned from the farm. Yet in many cases I think a little less in the savings and a little more on the farm, would pay better in the long run. Better cultivation and better stock are the greatest desideratums.—*S. C. Pattee, in Ger. Telegraph.*

Merrimac County, N. H.

CURE FOR HOG CHOLERA.

Mr. David Graham, one of the oldest settlers in this vicinity, states that crude petroleum is a dead shot for hog cholera. He has made practical test of this remedy upon his own hogs and also upon the herd of John Byers, near Langworthy, a year or two ago. Mr. Byers had lost at the rate of ten or a dozen a day, but not one died after the petroleum was administered. This fact is remarkable to say the least. The petroleum was given in doses of two or three spoonsful for pigs and half a pint to hogs a year old. Seventy hogs were cured with two gallons. Mr. Graham says he has also used this remedy on cattle and horses and invariably with the most gratifying results. If other parties test Mr. Graham's specific we would be glad to hear from them as to results.—*Anamosa Iowa Eureka.*

The Southern Massachusetts Poultry association, will hold its first exhibition in Fall River, beginning Tuesday, February 12, and continuing the rest of the week. Premiums will be offered for all varieties of fowls of recognized standard of merit.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman

AN ANTIDOTE TO DOGS.

BY ALEXANDER HYDE.

A large hearted, useful citizen of Chicopee, Mass., Ashbel Buckland, was bitten by a dog on the 25th of November last, but took no notice of the affair till he was attacked last week with that most terrible disease, hyrdophobia. He struggled against the convulsions as only a resolute man can struggle, and was attended by the best of medical aid. That most potent antidote, to the disease, curare, was at the request of the patient, applied heroically, and served in a measure to relieve his spasms. The vapor bath and all known remedies were attempted, but all in vain. The brave man was compelled to succumb to a cur of low degree. He retained his courage and mental faculties to the last, but he could take no nourishment and his physical powers were soon worn out by the intense nervous excitement. His last words were, "It seems hard that a strong, well man should have to go for a dog."

Three days after Mr. Buckland received the fatal poison into his veins, Dr. L. E. Way, a farmer of Suffield, Conn., formerly a dentist at Lee, Mass., was bitten by a pet dog that he was fondling, and after three weeks inoculation hydrophobia developed itself in his system in its most terrible form. Dr. Way was naturally a nervous man, and the disease soon completely overpowered both mind and body. His spasms were shocking to behold, and his screams could be heard for half a mile. After five days of terrible agony death to came to his relief last Friday morning.

These are but specimen cases of the many that are occurring all over the country, and in every sensible mind the question must come up, what is the remedy for this increasing evil? Aldermen and selectmen are ordering the dogs to be muzzled, and this is well so far as it goes, but what on earth is the use of so many dogs? Why not strike at the root of the matter and ask the Legislature to put such a tax on the canines as shall amount to a virtual prohibition? We know that many persons are attached to their dogs and consider their intelligent eye and wagging tail as one of the best welcomes home. We sympathize with such, for we have been there ourselves, but what is the wag of a dog's tail, compared with the life of a valuable citizen. To all owners of pet dogs we say, put yourself in the place of Mr. Buckland. Would you not agree with him that it is hard for a man to be sacrificed to a dog.

We already have in Massachusetts a tax ($2 per head) on dogs, imposed in favor of sheep husbandry. The dog is so similar to his ancestors, the wolf (*canis lupus*) and the jackal (*canis aureus*) that he goes prowling about among the sheep, biting their jugular veins in mere wanton sport. We have known one dog to kill half a dozen sheep in one night, and this from no love of mutton, but impelled by canine ferocity, for he ate not an ounce of flesh. His savage nature led him to find fun in worrying and killing innocent sheep. Now if we can protect our flocks by a tax of two dollars on every dog, is it too much to ask the Legislature, in these days of hydrophobia, to protect men with taxing each canine ten dollars? Is not a man worth five times as much as a sheep? We name ten dollars but are not sure that a hundred would not be a better sum.

The law should be so framed that the dogs, when owners choose to pay the tax, should not be allowed to run at large to the terror of men, women and children. A brave man, who acquired in our late war the right to be considered such, recently said to us, "I am more afraid of these curs than I ever was of the rebels." We know women who fear to walk the streets lest they should encounter a mad dog, and the fear is not so unreasonable as some may suppose, for when the rabies seizes a dog, he does not stay quietly at home, but like Satan he goes to and fro through the land seeking whom he may bite.

Farmers have a special interest in this matter, for the mad dogs bite not only men, but sheep, cattle, horses, any living thing that comes in their way. We heard to-day of a parcel of sheep, in a neighboring town that were showing symptoms of rabies, frothing at the mouth, and so changed in their nature as to be inclined to pitch into every passer-by. Dog husbandry and sheep husbandry have no common interest. If dog flesh is better than mutton, and dog's hair better than wool, then let the dogs live, so far as the flocks are concerned, but if sheep husbandry is an industry to be encouraged by the State, then let the dogs be taxed and restrained to the degree of prohibition. The wealth of the State would be increased if the tail of every cur, whether of low or high degree, were cut off just behind his ears.

We commend this subject to the consideration of our Legislature, and to aid our law makers in their decision; let petitions flow in upon them from every town. The owners of a few fancy animals may object, but the public weal should not be sacrificed to fancy. The times demand heroic treatment of the dog question.

Lee, Mass., Jan. 26, 1878.

A GREAT FARMER'S MAXIMS.

The successful life of Mr. Jacob Straw, the prince of American farmers, is attributed to the close observation of the following maxims, originated by himself:

Make your fences high and strong so they will keep cattle and pigs out. If you have brush make your lots strong and secure and keep the hogs from the corn.

Be sure to get hands to bed by seven o'clock; they will rise early by force of circumstances.

Pay a hand, if he is a poor hand, all you promise him; and if he is a good one pay him a little more; it will encourage him to do still better.

Always feed your hands as well as you feed yourselves, for the laboring men are bone and sinew of the land and ought to be well treated.

I am satisfied that getting up early, industry and regular habits, are the best medicine prescribed for health.

When rainy, bad weather comes so you can't work out of doors, cut, split and pile your wood, make your racks, fix your fences or gate, and patch the roof of your barn or house.

Study your own interest closely and do not spend your time in electing Presidents, Governors and other smaller officers, or talk of hard times, and spend your time in whittling store boxes.

Correspondence.

"ATTRACTIVE HOMES."

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

In a recent number of the *Ploughman*, I noticed a short article headed "Attractive Homes." I was very much pleased with it, because I believe it is a subject that will bear discussing; I do not think as a class, farmers and their wives *care* enough about their homes; they do not think it essential to bestow so much thought upon the outside and inside of their *house*; they probably think they have neither time or money to spend upon what they consider trifles; but it is the *little* things that blend and make the whole. How often we hear the remark made by ladies in the city, that the country is well enough in summer, but it must be so lonely in winter. I always felt that way myself, before I had a home in the woods, therefore can understand *why* they feel thus. My opinions were formed from my remembrance of visits made to friends; the house was always scrupulously neat, everything looked so proper and nice; no birds, no plants, no pets, and worst of all, no books except the family Bible and almanac, no papers of any kind in sight; who can wonder the girls prefer the factory, the boys the shops! No one loves a neat house better than I do, but I do not think it wise or right to allow neatness to make home an uncomfortable place; it would grieve me to see my husband hesitate to step over the door-sill, because he might leave the print of his boot on the floor. Now I love to have him come stamping in, shaking himself like a big Newfoundland dog, to dislodge the snowflakes. It gives him so much satisfaction to make a bustle; how could I have the heart to object; then the pleasure the two dogs and two cats express at the confusion, is recompense enough, for the extra exertion of tidying the room again. I am aware that many tidy farmers' wives, will shudder at the thought of keeping so many *animals* about the house, and perhaps think me a very slack housekeeper, and that my kitchen must necessarily be a dirty one; but in that they are as much mistaken, as the lady correspondent to one of our Maine papers was, when she thought me a "rough coarse boy-den, because I did so much outdoor work." Those that do not have pets, can have no idea of the company they are to me when I am compelled to stay indoors.

I do not think farmers' wives are aware how much pleasure they can derive from a window filled with plants, we have so much better opportunity for cultivating them, plenty of room and no brick walls to exclude the warm sun, or dusty carpets to spoil the foliage. Do not banish them to a sunless window, or a fireless room; bring them in the warm sitting-room, love them and they will love you, and when your dishes are washed, your rooms swept, your mind and body tired, seek the sunny window where your pets are; they will refresh and strengthen you. I am also very partial to a warm house, and a cold sleeping room is my abomination. I do not believe them healthy; a good fire with sufficient ventilation, keeps off rheumatism. My experience teaches me that I can keep a room more comfortable at less expense by not allowing the fires to go out at night, and surely at a saving of patience and temper. I believe we cannot pay too much attention to beautifying our homes, for our family's sake if not for our own. How much more real pleasure one experiences on entering a bright cosy little room all filled up with nicknacks, than one with grand and stately furniture, everything seeming to say touch me not. I feel to write on this subject, because I know that farmers' wives have not as cheerful, pleasant homes, as they might have and these things tend to refine our taste We shall learn to love the beautiful more, our families will be more united, our husbands and sons will prefer the cosy sitting-room, with papers and books, or James to the corner grocery, or our neighbors' houses, these long cold January evenings. S. E. Y.

Portsmouth, N. H.

The Horse.

HARNESS GALLS.

The skin is frequently injured by pressure or friction from some part of the harness. At first the amount of damage inflicted may appear trifling, but a continuance of the pressure on the injured part soon causes considerable derangements, and even a slight wound becomes of importance on account of the time required for its healing and the remarkable susceptibility of the part to a recurrence of the injury. Sore shoulders are the direct consequence, in many cases, of a badly fitting collar. Some horses, however, have a very tender skin, and extra work either in respect of distance or increase of the load to be drawn, will be followed by injury to the shoulders, although the collar may be worn which has been used for months previously. Actual excoriation of the surface of the skin is not commonly produced in a short journey, but very slight swelling takes place and the part becomes excessively sensitive, causing the animal to resist any attempt to replace the collar after it has been removed. Unless the driver is more than usually cautious and considerate this expression of the animal's feelings passes unnoticed, the horse is harnessed in spite of resistance, and after a time is induced to pull with his ordinary energy,—for the soreness which annoyed him at first soon ceases to be felt.

The continuance of pressure, however, produces further mischief, and after a time actual abrasion of the skin takes place. A few folds of cloth tied around those parts of the collar which are immediately above and below the seat of the injury, tend in some degree to save the abraded surface from further pressure, but the chances are that by the time the horse reaches his stable, the shoulders will have been so far damaged as to require some considerable time for their effectual repair. This necessary rest cannot, perhaps, be conveniently allowed, the wounds are temporarily dried up by stybic and astringent applications and the horse is again put to work, only to suffer from more extensive abrasions. In this way some horses' shoulders are kept in a miserable plight, requiring the constant use of tincture and lotions to keep them in a sufficient state of repair, to render the use of a collar in any form possible.

It is not only in the case of the poor man's horse that sore shoulders are found, many animals in extensive establishments are in equally disgraceful condition.

Treatment of abrasions of the skin from undue friction is not difficult, at any rate in theory. It is principally necessary to remove the cause of the injury and leave the cure to the restorative powers of nature; but as time is an object, it is always thought best to assist the healing process by some astringent remedies, and there is no objection to the use of the ordinary tincture of myrrh and aloes, which is commonly employed in such cases. Horses with abrasions of the skin of the shoulders should not have a collar put on till the skin has become perfectly healthy. Something may undoubtedly be done to harden the skin and thus make it less susceptible to friction—a strong (saturated) solution of alum, or of common salt, may be used for this purpose with advantage.—*Sidney Swift in Home Journal.*

The Poultry Interest.

FOWL FEEDING IN COLD WEATHER.

At this season of the year, when your fowls are mostly confined within their houses —or when, at the best, they are not able to obtain much nourishment upon the open ground, if at liberty—it must be borne in mind that they need an extra quantity of ordinary food, to keep them in good heart. And if the quality be improved as well, during the sharp cold weather, it will be better still.

We counsel the distributing of good sound grain and corn at all times to domestic poultry, as the best method of feeding. But if, at any season they need this sort of provision, it is in the keenly cold weather of January and February; when it counts most towards their welfare and thrift.

Let your adult fowls and the growing stock both be supplied then at this season with all they will eat up clean, twice a day—that is, at noon and evening—of whole wheat, cracked corn, and oats or barley. A little buckwheat, and a little admixture of sunflower seeds, are excellent also. The first meal (in the morning) should be fed warm, of scalded cornmeal mixed with boiled vegetables. This, with the grain at noon and at night, and an occasional feed of ground scraps and green stuff, as cabbages cut up, or onions and turnips chopped fine, will, as a rule, keep your birds in first rate condition, continuously.—*Am Poultry Yard.*

BREEDERS' SECRETS OF SUCCESS.

1st. Keep nothing but No. 1 stock. Get rid of everything you cannot warrant. Get best you can from reliable men, even if the price is high; but sometimes you can get just as good at less cost. But keep the best.

2d. Take good care of them. It never pays to half do anything. Post yourself up on the business, and never think you know it all. Study the wants of the fowl and provide for them. Let good stock and health be the basis.

3. Don't try to keep too many varieties. Commence with one, and increase as you can and do well.

4th. Do just as you advertise or promise. If anything happens that your fowls and eggs are not as you represented, explain it to your customers.

The Apiary.

CLEARING HIVES OF MOTHS.

It is very likely that the moth worm is, as has been so often stated, the worst enemy the honey bee has—if we except ignorant bee-keepers; but if such is the case, we can consider ourselves very fortunate, for the moth is almost no enemy at all, to one who is well posted and up with the times. When you hear a person complaining that the moth worm kills his bees you can set him down at once as knowing very little about bees; and if a hive is offered you that has an attachment or trap to catch or kill moths, you can set the vender down as a vagabond and swindler.

When a colony gets weakened so much that it cannot cover and protect its combs, robbers and moth-worms help themselves as a natural consequence, but either rarely do any harm if there are plenty of bees, and a clean tight hive. If a hive is so made that there are crevices which will admit a worm, and not allow a bee to go after him, it may make some trouble in almost any colony; and I cannot remember that I ever saw a patented moth proof hive that was not much worse in this respect than a plain simple box hive. A plain simple box is in fact all we want for a hive; but as we must have the combs removeable, we must have frames to hold them; and if these frames are made so that bees can get all around and about them, we have done all we can to make a moth proof hive.

Of course colonies will at times get weakened; and with the best of care, with the common bees especially, worms will sometimes be found in the combs. Now if you have hive I shall recommend, you can very quickly take out the combs, and with the point of your knife remove every web and worm, scrape off the debris, and assist the bees very much. If there is an accumulation of filth on the bottom board, lift out all the combs, and brush it all off, and be sure you crush all the worms in this filth for they will crawl right back into the hive, if carelessly thrown on the ground.—*Exchange.*

FIREWOOD TO THE ACRE.

In a good deal of observation on the subject, says Marsh, the largest quantity of marketable wood I have ever known cut on an acre of virgin forest was one hundred and four cords, or 493 cubic yards, and half that amount is considered a very fair yield. This estimate is far above the average given to the statistician of our Department of Agriculture, which are as below:

In Franklin County, Maine, the best woodland yields 40 cords per acre; the average is about 25. In Sagadahock and Hancock counties the average yield is 30 cords per acre.

In New Hampshire, the average yield is put from 20 to 40 cords per acre in the different counties.

In Vermont, the forests yield from 25 to 50 cords per acre. Some forests are estimated to furnish 200 cords.

In Rhode Island, about 30 cords per acre.

In Connecticut, sprout lands yield about 25 cords per acre every twenty-five years.

In New York from 30 to 60 cords per acre. The original forests in some of the counties are estimated at 65 cords.

In Delaware, well-set second growth woodland yields 30 to 40 cords per acre.

In Maryland, from 30 to 40 cords, etc.

In Oregon, however, among the evergreens and oaks, the yield seems perfectly astounding. In Douglass county there are thousands of acres which would yield from 300 to 600 cords per acre. Oak-timbered lands yield on an average 100 cords per acre. Says the annual report of the Land Office in relation to this land, "it will produce from 25,000 to 300,000 feet per acre," and "there are vast tracts that would cover the entire surface with cord wood ten feet in height. The report speaks of forests of pine trees, "from one to fifteen feet in diameter, and 200 to 300 feet high," and red and yellow pines of gigantic growth, often attaining a height of 300 feet, and from nine to twelve feet in diameter."

"NOTHING BUT A FARMER."

"He's nothing but a farmer," said a little miss, a few evenings since, as she scornfully curled her pretty lip, on being introduced to a fine, generous, open-hearted fellow, whose broad and expansive forehead was the symbol of his broad acres. "He's nothing but a farmer." And who was she that looked thus disdainfully on one of God's noble men? She was the daughter of a broken merchant, whose fortune had been ruined by the extravagance of a wife and foolishly proud daughter. Though her father's heart had been wrung by misfortune—and he had paid the penalty of extravagance by being incarcerated in the home prepared for criminals—his daughter had not yet learned the difference between pride and worth, extravagance and wealth. The noble man who ate the bread of industry and looked every man in the face with an independence which said, "I owe you nothing," was in her estimation "only a famer."

Did these foolish persons ever read their Bibles, they would find that God himself has selected His prophets and kings from among farmers. Noah was a husbandman and planted a vineyard; Abraham was rich in cattle and Lot had flocks and herds—insomuch that there was not pasture for both and they divided the country. Lot selected the plain of Jordan and Abraham took the hilly country of Canaan.

Jacob was a great cattle grower, as he presented Esau with several hundred cattle. Moses was a wool grower and Gideon was taken from his threshing floor. Saul was a herdsman, even while he was king. David was a shepherd and was taken from that occupation to be king of Israel, and the ancestor, according to the flesh, of the Messiah. Uzziah was a cattle grower. Elisha was ploughing, with twelve yoke of oxen before him, when Elijah cast his mantle on him and called him to be a prophet of the Most High.

And yet, though God has honored the husbandman—selected his kings and prophets from among the farmers—there are some so foolish as to cry out, "O, he's nothing but a farmer!"—*Ex.*

Stock Department.

THE COW AND HER FOOD.

No animal more fully utilizes food than the cow. A larger proportion of the food taken into the stomach is converted by the physical economy of the cow into value, than is the case with any other animal. This value is represented by the milk, butter and cheese which are produced from the cow, and it is simply a natural result. Nature has made the cow for the production of milk, which is drawn from the blood, and it must necessarily follow that there must be in a healthy cow a very rapid and complete conversion of food into blood. The demands of this part of the bovine economy are in addition to the demands of the rest of the system, which are the same in all animals. In the cow and in the steer the blood must furnish the bone, muscle and every other part of the general organization, but in the cow it must furnish, in addition to this, the milk, and this increased demand upon the blood makes a more complete consumption of the food certain. Nature always takes care of herself if she is permitted to do so. If she has anything to do, she will do it, and do it without waste, if not interfered with. The food taken into the stomach of the cow is taken up by nature and exhausted in the endeavor to supply the general and special demands of the system. It is this principle that makes the droppings of the steer so much more valuable than those of the cow—a fact universally recognized. The steer has only flesh to draw from the blood, in addition to the usual requirements of the system, and much of the food is very reasonably unconverted.

It is interesting, however, to compare the utilization of food by the cow and the steer, by way of observing the difference in the value of the products of the two. It has been frequently demonstrated that the same quantity of food given to a cow and a steer of equal weight, will result in greater profit in favor of the cow. The steer gains in flesh; the cow gains nothing in flesh, but her profits resulting from her feeding are entirely in the yield of her milk, and in this she considerably exceeds the profits of the steer. It will, therefore, be seen that the cow as a food consumer is a most profitable animal on the farm. Whatever the farm has in the way of feed, can thus be utilized for all it is possibly worth. The pumpkins, mangolds, sugar beets, carrots, roots, are not only available as food, but they are just so much stock in trade, the valuation of which is almost as certain as the cow herself. There is very much of one thing and another lying about which could thus be made somewhat valuable, and which could be made valuable only in this way. We are now writing to the farmer who makes no pretense to dairying as a business, or as a science. We wish simply to show the average farmer that his cow is a mill to which he can take anything that contains the elements of nourishment for a cow, and have it ground into a very profitable grist. If the largest and best results of feeding are the object, care must necessarily be taken in the selection of the food and the care of the animal. It does not make much difference what the cow is fed upon, it it is sufficient to keep her in flesh. If flesh is produced, milk will be produced. But the general farmer is not as anxious to achieve the best results in dairying as he is to keep his stock on the best advantage upon what he has to feed it with; and this being true, he requires to be reminded that in order to create a demand for the supply of food which he may have, it is necessary that he keeps his animal in as good a condition as kind treatment can produce. This creates an appetite, and appetite will satisfy itself on whatever may be offered.—*Western Rural.*

Porcine.

BERKSHIRE SWINE.

STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE ADOPTED BY THE AMERICAN BERKSHIRE ASSOCIATION.

Color.— Black, with white on feet, face, tip of tail, and an occasional splash on the arm, 4.

Face and Snout.— Short, the former fine and well dished, and broad between the eyes, 7.

Eye.— Very clear, rather large, dark hazel or gray, 2.

Ear.— Generally almost erect, but sometimes inclined forward with advancing age, medium size, thin and soft, 4.

Jowl.— Full and heavy, running well back on neck, 4.

Neck.— Short, and broad on top, 4.

Hair.—Fine and soft, medium thickness, 3.

Skin.— Smooth and pliable, 4.

Shoulder.— Thick and even, broad on top, and deep through chest, 7.

Back.— Broad, short and straight, ribs well sprung, coupling close up to hip, 8.

Side.— Deep and well let down, straight on bottom line, 6.

Flank.— Well back, and low down on leg, making nearly a straight line with lower part of side, 5.

Loin.— Full and wide.

Ham.— Deep and thick, extending well up on back, and holding thickness well down on the hock, 10.

Tail.— Well set up on back, tapering and not coarse, 2.

Legs.— Short, straight and strong, set wide apart, with hoofs erect, and capable of holding a good weight, 5.

Symmetry.— Well proportioned throughout, depending largely on condition, 5.

Condition.— In a good healthy growing state, not over fed, 6.

Style.— Attractive, spirited, indicative of thorough breeding and constitutional vigor, 5.

☞ In selecting flour first look to the color. If it is white with a straw-color tint, buy it. If it is white with a bluish cast, or with white specks in it, refuse it. Second, examine its adhesiveness—wet and knead a little of it between your fingers; if it works soft and sticky, it is poor. Third, throw a little lump of dried flour against a smooth surface; if it falls like powder, it is bad. Fourth, squeeze some of the flour tightly in your hand; if it retains

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE, · · BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1878.

bo evening, we strayed out through the narrow arpeatine passage to the Square, and found it brilliantly lighted and thronged with people exhilerated by strains of holiday music from the stand in the centre. We counted fifteen upright chandeliers, with thirty-nine burners each flaming in the open air; and these in addition to the rows of thick set lamps that extend around the Square—not at the curbs but where they would naturally be in other cities. Men, women and children, in Venetian costume, were moving in all directions; standing groups were talking in a soft and liquid "usa noun tongue," while hundreds of both sexes sitting at the multitude of little tables, for the most part on one side of the square, were sipping wine, imbibing beer, or otherwise gratifying their appetites, from the restaurants whose numerous waiters came out to take and fill "orders." After viewing for a short time this brilliant and animated scene, we walked wifeward, reflecting on the contrast between such a spending of the closing hours of the Sabbath and that to which we have been accustomed in our "New England home."

We will say in passing that we have heard no piano on this side of the water that equals our Clickering.

The Piazzetta, or Little Square, is the broad space or passage that leads southward from the main square to the Grand Canal, between the Doges' Palace on the east and the Campanile, or Bell Tower of St Mark,—placed opposite to the Church—the old Library and the Mint on the west. The ascent of this Bell Tower, 350 feet high, including the angel on the top, and 42 wide at the base, is not by a long and tedious flight of winding stairs, but by a series of inclined planes with rests. Near the canal and apart stand the two famous red granite pillars, one surmounted by a statue of St. Theodore, the other by a winged lion, the emblem of St. Theodore's "apostolic successor," as protector of the city. Venice, it is claimed, is built on a cluster of over 70 islets, most of them originally more or less "boggy," formed and consolidated by the action of currents, and by natural and artificial accretions in the lagoon on the northwest border of the Adriatic.

The principal island is the Rialto, among the first, if not the first, to be inhabited early in the Christian era—doubtless because of the protection afforded by the surrounding sea, a natural defence from enemies of the infant republic.

A long bank of sand on the south is a natural sea-wall for the defense of the city against the incoming "seas" in times of storm. Yet during the highest tides the Grand Square of which we have spoken, is partially flooded with water; then the city is in the sea and the sea is in the city.

Obliged to lay such deep and enduring foundations for their earthly homes the inhabitants of this "city in the sea" ought by analogy to be a most virtuous and Christian people, building on the "sure foundation" "against the time to come."

The most interesting church to us is the Frari, containing the magnificent marble monument to the memory of Titian, adorned with paintings by himself and Tintoretto; and the beautiful and elaborate monumental tomb, with its group of statues, designed by Canova for Titian's grave, but placed to mark his own on the opposite side of the church, just over against that of the great painter. In one of the transepts of this church, "Santi-Maria Gloriosa-de-Frari," there are three remarkable bas-reliefs in marble, each with a group of life-size figures, representing respectively the Crucifixion, the descent from the cross, and the burial of our Lord. Of all these we have secured photographs.

After an early breakfast, June 8th, we had only to descend a few steps in front of our hotel to take a gondola on the Grand Canal, up which we noiselessly passed—there was no clatter of wheels on stony streets—to the northwest section of the city, and disembarked at the "stazione," between which and the main land the railroad crosses a long stretch of water and marsh land. The first city reached, 26 miles from Venice, is Padua, the oldest city in the north of Italy, with a present population of nearly 60,000. It contains an old palace of peculiar architecture, built after the style of one in India; a celebrated ancient university, still famous in medicine; an automatic theatre; the oldest Botanical Garden in Europe; a Public Library of 100,000 volumes, and about the usual number of usually empty Italian churches, with their various attractions for church worms. About 40 miles further west we passed Verona on the Adige, walled by a Roman Emperor in 265 and taken by Constantine in 312. Though fortified with extraordinary skill it was taken by the Austrians in 1815.

In this city Shakespeare found the materials for "Romeo and Juliet," and in a garden on the banks of its Alpine stream, which so carves within the walls as to form a peninsula on which stands most of the city, a marble sarcophagus is pointed out as the tomb of Juliet. The ruins of an extensive Roman amphitheatre, built of Verona marble, supposed to have been capable of containing twenty to twenty-five thousand people, are still preserved. What scenes of suffering and heroic christian faith and valor may have been witnessed in its arena! If fierce old Rome could amuse herself by the slaughter of seventy thousand christians in the arena of the Coliseum of her Capital, would she likely be more tolerent and humane in her border cities and provinces?

"The survival of the fittest" is not here at first sight apparent; but follow the course of history and the developments of God's Providence and the survival of the faith for which those martyrs died, and its ever progressive triumphs are abundantly and increasingly manifest!

As we advanced and the day wore on the heet and dust increased to our great discomfort and brought a sense of hunger and thirst with no means for their gratification—not even "five minutes for refreshments." Driven to *extremities*, we found in our hand baggage—we had no other,—a few Vermont crackers! that had been brought from "the hill country" by the mother of our children, whom she had there left at their grandfather's before sailing; these we divided with our travelling friends from the "City of Brotherly Love," all glad of an opportunity to exercise our "American taste" with a growing relish for American cookery. To relieve the monotony and fatigue of the journey we penciled the poetic lines on Venice with which we closed our last letter. *After that effort* we have been to our readers a long time silent! Passing Lago di Garda, the largest lake in Italy, visible on our right from the passing train, we entered the great and luxuriant plain of Lombardy, the most fertile and populous portion of Italy, lying between the Alps and the Appennines aboundting in groves of mulberry trees, which we saw as we passed, being stripped of their leaves to feed the silk worms that supply with cocoons the silk manufacturers of Milan—where we arrived at 3.45. Improving our first opportunity we secured a triangular meal at the station and then took carriage to Hotel Royal; registering, we proceeded at once to the far famed Cathedral, to strangers, the chief attraction of the city.

We were ready to testify each night that sight-seeing is of all things the most wearying. Prostrated by fatigue, Mrs. Borax, on reaching our room, that evening, did not leave her bed till the evening of the next day, when we rode about the city and to Piazza d' Arno in which stands the triumphal arch, commenced by Napoleon I. as a fitting termination of his great Simplon Road over the Alps. This Arco della Face, made of white marbio and ornamented with bas-reliefs, is surmounted by a splendid bronze groupe, a statue of Peace in a chariot drawn by four horses. This arch is excelled only by the Arc de Triomphe in Paris. We were much pleased with the comparatively broad streets and the business-like appearance and beauty of the city,—more like Paris than any other in Italy.

The old bastions have been removed and the space is occupied by ornamented grounds, shaded walks and a broad drive way or Boulevard. The latter was being watered by a go-cart, similar to some seen in the New World; but the process of sprinkling was novel and amusing. A hose several yards in length terminated by an enlarged edition of the nozzle of a hand sprinkler extended from the mounted water-tank and the sprinkling was effected by a man, who with a rope attached, kept up a constant twitching and jerking of the distributing pipe—not exactly in every direction at the same time but as near to it as a shirt-sleeved, barefooted, and bareshinned Italian could come. Napoleon, when in possession of the city, converted the convent which contains "The Last Supper" by Leonardo da Vinci, into barracks and used the refectory on whose walls the ill used picture is found, as a stable for cavalry. One of the churches possession of the veritable brazen serpent "lifted up" by Moses in the wilderness, and it is asserted that it will *hiss* at the end of the world. If the Millerites, by measurements or an examination of the tongue, could only tell when this serpent, looking up and embracing a porphyry pillar, will hiss(!)—the great problem of *time* would be solved!! The doing of the work of *life*—subjectively and objectively, wisely and well—is, we judge, in preparation for the end, rather than a useless expenditure of time to ascertain *when the end will be.*

"Of that day and hour knoweth no man," is the declaration of the unerring, the Divine Teacher.

If it be wise to go to the pyramids, the sepulchres of Egypt, as do some, for information with regard to the *second* coming of our Lord, why is it not safe to reject the authentic scriptures and go to Egypt also for the facts regarding his first advent; his life, his divine teachings, his sacrifice at death, his resurrection, and his ascension

and mediatorial intercessions for those who should prove "faithful and wise stewards."

He is coming a "second time." "Be we therefore ready, for at an hour we *think* not, the Son of Man cometh."

"*So live* that when thy " time to die shall come, "sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust" in Him, "Our Life" thou canst "approach thy grave

Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch About him and lies down to pleasant dreams,"—In joyful hope of coming endless day.

During our delay our travelling friends, in their limited time to reach their return steamer, *did* the city and rushed on over the Alps into Switzerland, via. the Simplon Pass. We wished to take in Lakes Como, Lugano, and Maggiore. Before parting, however, the two heads of the families having ascended as near heaven, materially, as possible, viewed the opulent city and the exuberant landscape o'er, caught a glimpse of the top of Monte Rosa in the distance, snowy and radiant in the morning light, with a forest of pinnacles and turrets and an army of statues beneath us, back each other *farewell*, at the top of the marble spire of the magnificent and famous gothic Cathedral of Milan—with its facade of white Carrara marble, its 106 turrets, rising from its marble roof and its four to five thousand sentry-keeping statues, watching out the centuries. BORAX.

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEB. 2, 1878.

ANNUAL MEETING of the NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

The Annual Meeting of the New England Agricultural Society will be held at No. 46 Milk Street, Boston, (up one flight,) on TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 5TH, 1878, at eleven and one half o'clock in the forenoon.

DANIEL NEEDHAM, *Secretary.*

Boston, January 15th, 1878.

☞ The very popular original story—"David and I"—by Corporal Squib, which has been running for several weeks on the fourth page of the *Ploughman*, is completed in the present issue. It has given wide pleasure and satisfaction. We welcome proofs of its popularity. The author commands readers. In this field the *Ploughman* does not intend to be surpassed for tales of high merit.

ENTHUSIASTIC.—A correspondent writing from Rowley, Mass., says:—"If the *Ploughman* is kept up to its present high standard, you may count us a subscriber for life."

The debate in the Senate on the Bland silver bill will in all probability be continued another week or more. It is certain to pass, and there is not much question that it will pass over the Executive veto if it has to encounter one.

Extensive robberies, by contractors, on the line of the Union Pacific Railroad are reported, amounting to millions of dollars annually. These contractors are accused of regular depredations on the railroad ties, supplies for the snow sheds, cord wood, logs and timber.

The French government will not coin any silver at present, owing to the looks of the situation in respect to silver in this country.

The prosecution of the Returning Board of Louisiana by the State authorities is the most interesting intelligence in Washington, next to the silver bill.

The stories of suffering among the Turkish refugees are extremely touching. Great numbers of them are starving and freezing to death.

Through the criminal or careless co-operation of the cashier of the Brandon Bank, in Vermont, that institution is out of funds to the amount of a hundred thousand dollars. The cashier has also of course fled.

No symptoms of the Pope's dying yet awhile. He holds out wonderfully, and in mind he appears to be as vigorous as ever.

The member of the Boston Produce Exchange who was expelled this week was Mr. Wm. C. Wylie. His offence consisted in issuing prices current different from those of the Exchange.

THE LEGISLATURE.

It is proposed in the Senate to permit railroad companies to be formed when ten thousand dollars instead of fifteen, per mill has been subscribed to the stock. A bill has been introduced making all conveyances, gifts and contracts between husbands and wives, whether of real or personal property, as valid as it made by other persons. A report was rendered adverse to giving power to Savings Banks Commissioners to vote on railroad bonds held by the banks. A variety of petitions has been presented in both Houses. An order has passed the House for the better protection of minor children.

Also one to consider the expediency of providing that a person shall not be rendered incompetent as a witness to a will, by reason of a devise or legacy therein to the husband or wife of such person. An order has been passed to consider the expediency of such changes in the law that more attention shall be given to the useful and substantial English branches. The amendment resolve, providing for the division of towns into election districts was rejected. The bill in relation to interest and delinquent taxes has been rejected. An order was passed to consider the expediency of applying to Congress for aid in the construction of a ship-canal across Cape Cod.

CONGRESS.

The only subject at present before the Senate is the silver bill. It will be debated for a week more, when a vote will be reached on it. The House has passed an anti-subsidy resolution by a large majority. Senator Anthony has presented a memorial from the citizens of Providence, asking Congress to make an appropriation for the improvement of the harbor. Arguments have been made before the House Judiciary Committee, in reference to the distribution of the Geneva award fund, estimated now to amount to nine millions of dollars. The Tariff measure is to be reported as we go to press. The Speaker of the House has ordered lobbyists and others from the floor. They are a serious interruption to business. A two-thirds vote is confidently predicted for the Bland silver bill in both branches. Senator Dawes made a speech in opposition to it.

THE WAR IN EUROPE.

Now that Turkey confesses her defeat by expressing her willingness to accept almost any terms that Russia may offer, the other powers of Europe begin for the first time to take an active interest in the result. Peace seems to engage them more than actual war did; in fact, the question of peace is not unlikely to lead to open war. Austria is dissatisfied with the terms which Russia imposes, considering that she is herself territorially crippled and prejudiced by them. England is engaged in a fierce parliamentary fight over Russia's demand to be allowed to send her war vessels up the Dardanelles and to be made to bring over the same kind of fish next summer. They would constitute a valuable addition to our stock of fish supplies.

The Spanish Marriage.—They finished a five days' carousal in Madrid last Saturday, in commemoration of the marriage of young King Alfonso and the Princess Mercedes, who is a first cousin. The bride received a marriage gift of five millions of dollars from her father, but the bridegroom declined to invite his mother, the ex-Queen Isabella, to the wedding. The remainder of the week in Madrid was converted into a gala-day. There were opera, races, public entertainments, bull fights, and so on, to take up the popular mind and furnish recreation. All went happily as a marriage bell sounds. When a young man who is also a King marries a young wife, and it is an affair of the heart also, public interest is very much awakened over the event, for it is one to call forth the most innocent, sincere and delicate sympathies. It may not, it is true, be much of an affair to be the king of a country like Spain, but the inside view of the situation is of course very different from the outside one. We wish the young couple happiness.

the Dardanelles to be made a question for Europe to settle. The Porte is said to be utterly opposed to the temporary occupation of Constantinople by the Russians. Thus we may see that the Dardanelles constitutes the key to the situation, to which universal attention will be directed. Yet Austria gives signs of being greatly dissatisfied with Russia's proposals concerning the redistribution of the Turkish provinces. There is nothing to which the Turk is more bitterly opposed on his part than the proposed occupation of Constantinople.

READ AND RUN.

—Pussy had Mew-sic Hall entirely to herself last week, and she appeared exceedingly well.

—An editor out in Iowa, who shows that he does not get his deserts by his wit, declares that he gets no more patronage than a peanut-man in a cemetery.

—Thurlow Weed has recovered from the effects of his recent fall.

—The gold premium was growing so thin that one could begin to see through it all.

—Philadelphia pays her Mayor a raised salary of $7500.

—Mr. George Bancroft, the historian, is engaged on another volume of history in Washington, and is seventy-eight years old at that. Work seems to agree with him.

—It has been pretty blue weather of late to propose a Polar Expedition. Why not propose to stay where we are?

—Upon the Turkish arms that were thrown away in the Balkans, on the hasty retreat of the Turkish army, were found the stamps "Taunton, Mass" and "Providence, R. I."

—The public gaming establishments in Europe are one by one being broken up. Soon there will be none left.

—The Boston School Board has chosen Dr Samuel Eliot, formerly President of Trinity College, Hartford, the Superintendent of Public Schools, in place of Mr. J. D. Philbrick.

—The snow-storms this season havn't done as well as the frosts have.

—A delegation of merchants from this city to Washington last week presented the claims of reciprocity with Canada to the attention of the Ways and Means Committee.

—A man last week confessed on his death bed, in New Hampshire, that he committed a murder in the locality where he lived, twenty years ago. Murder will speak, and with most marvelous organs.

—Burlington, Vt., has a twenty-five pound cat. Why was it not seen at the late Cat Show? That was the place to do the bragging.

—Very nearly three millions of dollars in dividends will be paid out in this city during February.

—It is asserted by a Cincinnati paper that there is a member of the Kentucky legislature who can neither read nor write.

—The Belfast, Me., *Age* remarks that "many of those who are divorced marry again, making wiser matches, and are not again seen in the courts."

—Dr. Doran, a distinguished English literary man and the author of many well known books, is dead. He was aged seventy-one.

—The strikers in Marlboro are using pistols for arguments.

—The projected Cape Cod Ship Canal is being vigorously pushed before the Legislature.

—The business of the Fitchburg Railroad has doubled within two years past.

—A reunion of all the Massachusetts regiments is proposed. The State is to be asked for the use of the camp ground at Framingham, to be occupied for a week.

—The distribution of soup among the poor of the city is about to begin at eight station houses.

—To-day, February 2d, is Candlemas Day.

—The Board of Health is engaged in the prosecution of candy manufacturers for the adulteration of their goods.

—The Post Office in Boston refuses to receive trade dollars in return for stamps. They are not legal tender.

—The Committees of the Legislature are hard at work.

—The Produce Exchange excelled one of its members on Tuesday, for wrongly quoting the prices of produce.

—A citizen of Gill, Mass., seventy-eight years old, took his first ride in the cars a few days ago.

—The railroad freight war continues in all its vigor.

—The Turk finds he has nothing to do but submit.

—The pooling arrangements of the trunk freight lines to the West do not appear to bind the parties to them at all.

—A wooden fence is soon to enclose the Army and Navy Monument temporarily.

—The Dartmouth Alumni had their annual dinner at the Revere House, last week. It was largely attended.

—The Society of Civil Engineers has held a meeting to consider the sanitary condition of Boston.

—The Boffin's Bower annual fair has been going on of late, and with excellent success.

—Miss Parloe's lectures on Cooking have attracted wide attention among the matrons and unmarried ladies of Boston. She illustrates her theories with practical operations.

—One of the city banks advertises the popular 4 per cent. loan for sale.

—The Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association has held a special meeting to consider the expediency of holding a public industrial and art exhibition during the year.

—Robert Ratcliff, of Nantucket, is eighty-three years old. He was wrecked on Nantucket fifty-eight years ago, and has lived there ever since.

—He was a young sailor on board the English vessel that carried Napoleon to St. Helena, and he sees on the dollar. The good old State can point like sailor life.

—Much merriment was created, at the Dartmouth Alumni dinner in this city last week, by the remark of the venerable Judge Nathan Crosby that he had seen two of the first graduating class of the College, and all of the last one.

—It is the tramp who invariably goes about in a coat of arms.

—The school for wood carving which has been opened in this city promises to be highly successful. Its res its will show for themselves.

—In the Bigelow case, in this city, the defendant, Bigelow, was held in the sum of $60,000 to await the action of the grand jury.

—Peace makes even more trouble than war, in Europe to-day.

—No subsidies, says the House of Representatives.

—Mr. W. W. Story, the artist, will be the expert Commissioner from Massachusetts to the Paris Exposition, and will write the report for the United States on Art in the Exhibition.

—James R. Batcheler, of Lincoln Vt., a manufacturer of clapboards and wooden bowls, is under arrest, charged with forging a note on the Brandon Bank. He owes the bank from sixty to eighty thousand dollars.

—Sitting Bull is preparing for active work again.

—Secretary Sherman has no apprehensions of the immediate bad effects from the introduction of silver. The capacity of the mints is only two and a half millions per month.

—Less suffering than usual is reported this winter.

—The Harbor Commissioners of Providence are asking Congress to vote an appropriation for the improvement of the harbor. The city has already expended $100,000 on it, and now needs help from Congress to make it navigable for large vessels.

—The Turkey is all cooked for England.

—Barnum's Colorado Cardiff was not a successful fossil.

—A correct map of Europe is talked for, now that the necessity for war maps is past.

—The first Governor of Maine issued a very affectionate farewell to Massachusetts, when the daughter State set up housekeeeping for herself.

—The King of Hawaii worked at the brakes of the fire engine, at the recent great fire in Honolulu, just like any other citizen.

—The unemployed workingmen of the City are asking the authorities to fill up the new Park in the Back Bay, and thus give them work.

—This cruel war in Europe is supposed to be over.

—The Murphy Temperance movements in western Massachusetts has made twenty thousand persons professed teetotallers.

—The poor are fed in Washington for one cent per meal; the cost for them in Boston is two cents per meal.

—The war upon street stands for peddlers has reopened in the Legislature.

—If we could only be rid of this repudiation spirit which is abroad, business would begin to brighten up again.

—Boston exported more during the month of January than in any previous month of her business history.

—The collapse of the war fever in England in a single night was something remarkable in that time.

—Never were there so many cases of disordered throats, colds, coughs, croup and diphtheria as during the present winter. They are all around us, and scattered all over New England.

—Another case of hydrophobia right here in Somerville, and one in Chicopee.

—The annual expenses of the New England Church in this city, are $20,000. Mr. Murray receives a salary of $7,000, the music costs $6,500, and the remainder goes for incidental expenses.

—Massachusetts has been literally represented in Washington during the week.

—Ex-Gov. Washburn is spoken of considerably for Collector of this port.

—The four per cent. Government loan is steadily becoming popular.

—The proposed Utah elective bill now before Congress gives the people of that Territory a secret ballot, disfranchising polygamists and women.

—The exchequer note is proposed in place of the greenback.

—Over one thousand persons have signed the pledge in Northampton.

Our Savings Banks.—The report of the State Savings Bank Commissioners wears an extremely favorable look for these most useful institutions. The deposits are $1,255,971 more than last year, which is not so large an increase as for the previous year, while the surplus of the most of these banks is greater than last year. Both the number and amount of withdrawals of deposits have been less than for the year previous. The Commissioners express the opinion in their Report that when all circumstances are considered it is not surprising that popular apprehensions regarding the banks should have existed. They say that savings institutions, more than any others, are founded upon the confidence reposed by depositors. And they say also that many of the errors into which some of the banks have been drawn have been corrected. Our home savings banks have stood this long strain better than any moneyed institutions in the country.

Sherman on Silver.—In the course of a very recent interview, Secretary Sherman thought an understanding existed whereby the Senate will amend the Bland silver bill so as to give the Government the profits of coinage, and that the President will not veto the bill amended. He says the latter realizes the fact that his veto would at most be ineffective to prevent the passage of the bill. The S cretary is reported as saying that there can be no immediate bad effects from the introduction of silver. Only two and a half millions can go out a month from the mints, and this would have no appreciable effect even on custom receipts for the first few months. He is of opinion that gold will go up at once, but that no premium can stand, because there will be no further use for gold if silver can be used. Nor does he anticipate any violent fluctuations in values. He believes resumption to be feasible under any circumstances, and he speaks very hopefully of the future. The experiment itself, however, will settle all further speculations on the subject. The bill is certain to become a law.

Sole and Turbot.—These favorite fish in England, which are produced in immense numbers and form a portion of the regular English bill of fare, have long been called for in our own waters; and in order to introduce them into Massachusetts Bay, Mr. Mather, an agent selected by Prof. Baird, the United States Commissioner of Fisheries, procured during the last month from the aquarium at Southport, Lancashire, Eng., a consignment of these fish. They were put in a tank and shipped on the steamer Siberia, which arrived on the 17th. In spite, however, of the utmost care all but two died on the passage, and these were thrown overboard on arriving in the harbor. The fish—sole and turbot—belong to a class that is native to our waters, though this particular species is wanting. Perhaps the experiment was made at the most unpropitious season of the year, and an effort is to be made to bring over the same kind of fish next summer. They would constitute a valuable addition to our stock of fish supplies.

VEGETABLE GARDENING.

DISCUSSION AT THE MEETING OF THE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, WORCESTER, MASS.

The third of the series of horticultural meetings for discussion was held Jan. 26th, the subject under consideration being "Vegetable Gardening." The subject was introduced by the reading of a paper by Mr. Sylvanus Sears, who conducted the question as one of great importance of the manures, nature of the soil, succession of crops and exhaustion of the soil were commented upon. The soil was considered more as a live than dead agent, and the value of thorough tests was strongly urged. The intelligent use of rules to suit the locality was referred to as one of the more important elements of the work. He was opposed to any attempt to till more land than could be tilled with good results. He instanced a case where a man paid $1000 for a corner of land, upon which he put $400 worth of manure, raised two crops of vegetables, was able to pay half for his land, and had enough left for his manure another year. In other words he made $1000 the first year and $2,000 the next. This resulted from heavy manuring, careful culture, knowledge of the vegetables, and a good market—the prime requisites for success. He instanced a case where a man paid $1000 for one horse loads to the acre, and was surprised at the smallness of the crop. Another applied sixty loads, and had to put his cabbages close to prevent their being too large. The importance of thorough cultivation, keeping the ground thoroughly mellowed and the weeds down in every season, were urged. The value of a good market was commenced upon, and an over supply was considered as the result of an unwise fully favorable season, while another year the crop will be short. He advocated raising a variety, so as to get a fair return for the work each year. The enemies of the vegetables were next considered, but no remedy was recommended except Paris green for potato bugs. He believed potatoes could still be grown at a profit, and advocated another trial with them next year. In answer to an inquiry, he said that 500 pounds of Paris green had been applied to the acre as an experiment by the Smithsonian Institute, and no trace of it was found in the soil, potato, or vine. He did not believe the small amount necessary as in any way injurious. Being asked what five varieties could be most profitably grown, he said the question was a hard one to answer, as he usually raised twenty or thirty varieties. He would, however, name potatoes, sweet corn, peas, cabbages and squashes, although the latter is in doubt, as it has so many enemies. He would use the Paris green with water, and apply on a dry day.

Mr. S. A. *Newton* of Auburn had found it more easily applied mixed with cheap flour.

Mr. G. H. *Harlow* of Shrewsbury asked if there was not danger of poisoning the cattle by the use of the Paris green on potato vines as they had known of two cows being killed, probably by this cause. He also asked whether market gardening could be profitably carried if the farmer lived five or six miles from the market, as he was obliged to earn his money among the dealers and raising the crops and once in selling them. If he could get $1200 a year worth anything he considered he could be carried on profitably by men living five miles away.

Mr. J. B. *Sabin* of Grafton had used one pound of Paris green with twenty pounds of plaster; the next time it took three pounds as the plaster had grown. His dog got out and got completely covered with Paris green, but is alive and well to-day. He had no fears of its use, but would apply with his hands as the most profitable.

Mr. *George S. Coe* of Shrewsbury thought the man referred to by Mr. Harlow lost his cows by leaving his buckets used for Paris green in the field, and allowing his cows to drink the rain water from them.

Mr. *Harlow* said the trouble with the cows was not positively known, and thought that if the farmers were going to use poison they should handle it carefully.

Mr. *Sears* said that there should be care used of course in the use of Paris green, but thought the best protection for the cattle was to make the fences secure.

Mr. O. B. *Hadwen* wanted the discussion confined to special topics as giving the best information.

Mr. *Geo. H. Rice* of Worcester said in regard to onions he had found them to grow best on old ground, ground used for several years for the same crop, and every year it ground is new sow carried the ground in the fall with the manure ploughed in the spring stir the soil, being careful not to go too deep. If you get it too mellow use the roller or drag. In sowing the seed do not put them too deep, and if your ground is too mellow they will work themselves in and the crop will not be of any value. He had sown so that the seeds were but just covered, which is sufficient, and planted in rows thirteen inches apart, getting the largest crop. Be careful and not get them too thick, and there is no need to weed further culture except in caring for the weeds. Let the weeds be kept down. We frequently have the onions all pulled by Aug. 20th. That gives plenty of time for curing them so that they can be kept in a cool place until next May. The present season has been a hard one to keep them, even in the barn. Plough about seven inches in the fall. His soil was a heavy clayey, sub-soil, but is seven inches in the drains, and the advantage of preparing the ground in the fall to get the seed in early. Be careful to guard against the ploughing too deep, besides to the acre is a good crop, and we manure about sixty-two horse loads to the acre, using a good compost made by the use of lime, ashes, cow and hog manure and tannery refuse. He had not been troubled with maggots for ten years, but would not say that lime will prevent them. As to soil, they say that lime will liberally, but carefully, and that he had used salt successfully. Onions may be grown once, but only with proper treatment, they are not injured. The second freezing is injurious, and in moderate weather they should be covered as carefully as in the colder weather. A uniform cold temperature is most advantageous.

Mr. *J. S. Perry* thought the potato crop the most valuable raised, and considered the question of how to get a good crop the most important. He believed in plowing them in August or September, manuring in the spring eight to twelve cords to the acre, plowing lightly and harrowing and rolling. He would not advise the use of the horse hoe in covering, but would cover light with the hoe, and then roll it all come up together. Six or seven days before planting run the ground with the cultivator; stir the ground about the hills and then plant three times and cultivates four or six times. He used Rose and Davis seedlings as best varieties, as a failure. The latter will soon rot. He used Paris green on three acres, but found it cheaper to pick the bugs by the use of boys, as he could get them by whistling and the use of the green hurts the sale, although there is no damage resulting from its use. He killed up some, so as not have them exposed to the sun. He planted once in about eighteen inches, putting nothing in the hill, and using large potatoes.

Mr. *Edward Kendall*, of Worcester, was to await the action of the grand jury. had never had trouble from it and had no fears of it.

Mr. *Hayden* next called upon Capt. John F. Moore of Concord, the originator of Moore's corn and Moore's early grape.

Capt. Moore doubted the expediency of raising a great variety unless sold directly to the consumers, as the best crops are confined by those who make a specialty of certain crops. He required a full knowledge of that crop. In regard to onions, he found no difficulty in growing large crops, and was successful on new ground if he manured heavily in the fall. Onions, as well as other crops, want more than barnyard manure. They need potash, and wood ashes can be used profitably. He raised last year 800 bushels to the acre, sowing fourteen inches apart although by a mistake the seed were sown too thick in some rows, and the onions laid three or four deep, and big ones at that. The weeds he would kill before they get up, using the scuffle hoe, being sure the ground is properly worked to begin with. You must be sure and get a good seed, and the best way to get them is to raise them yourself. Growing asparagus, he being the first one in Concord to grow it for the Boston market, it pays from $300 to $500 an acre, and there are over 100 acres within a short distance of his place, all started since 1859. A stiff, and soil highly manured, produces the best results. Salt he did not use, not considering it a fertilizer, but manure, and had got the best results in the first prize for 17 years from the Massachusetts Horticultural Society. Cauliflowers he grew on new soil, giving them a heavy dressing of potash after manuring, using 1000 pounds of muriate of potash to the acre. You must get good seed, and the way he succeeded was by getting it from a dangerfield's for him in Italy. A heavy dressing of salt in the spring made the asparagus crooked and late. He ploughed deep, put the crowns of the plants 8 inches under, the rows 3 feet apart, and plants 14 or 15 inches apart. He gets his seed from the largest plants, taking those showing a good purple color at the first cutting, allowed to come up large, and the smaller plant seeds are impregnated from the larger plant, so that the size is not being continually reduced.

Mr. *Rice* had had a bed 35 years old, which had been dug up when the new varieties were introduced, and had always regretted it. He could not always hoe as did Mr. Moore, as it was impossible not to find stones or lumps of clay. He grows his own seed, but found that if they got them too deep scallions are grown.

Mr. *Draper* said the trouble in market gardening was raising too large a variety. The milk dealers he considered the only ones who could afford to go in for a large variety, and thought that if the growers would make a specialty of one crop they could find a sufficient market. He alluded to the quantities of potatoes being brought into the city, as showing that there is a demand for more than is raised here.

Mr. *Rice* agreed with Mr. Draper, and gave the result of his experience as showing this.

Mr. *Draper* said the consumer does not believe in raising vegetables for milk if he couldn't sell them. He argued that the growers were increasing faster than the consumer. In raising tomatoes he held to the Boston Market, the Gen. Grant he found grew better on some pieces of land than others, the Trophy he has discarded. The Canada Victor he found the same as the Gen. Grant. His old fields were too rich at present and he put them in new ground. The Tilden he didn't grow, and the Hathaway if picked before it cracked, is excellent. He trimmed the fruit some, but not enough to let the hot sun in so as to blister the fruit.

Mr. *Joseph Lovell* said that he usually set his plants the last day of May or first day of June, and Messrs. Draper and Sears the same. The latter believed in the use of well-rotted manure and superphosphate. He did not believe in using manure in the hills, but used the superphosphate to advantage.

Mr. *Moore* urged the importance of every farmer finding the brains, buying the materials and mixing them himself.

Mr. *Sears* in answer to a question said cabbages were worth half a cent a pound to feed for milk.

Mr. *Merrifield* spoke of the value of different root crops to feed to cattle, saying he had used mangold and sugar beets.

Mr. *Hadwen* thought roots as a variety of food profitable and healthful to cattle.

Mr. *Sears* also spoke of the value of roots for feed in connection with other food, but would not use them exclusively.

Mr. *Moore* said that in his neighborhood the farmers had abandoned growing root crops for milk food, except flat turnips, which were fed tops and all, which one of his neighbors considered a legitimate way of watering milk, and he agreed with them.

Mr. *Merrifield* thought cotton seed meal, Indian corn or shorts, more economical to feed per nutriment than root crops, and with his experience he should give up growing crops for feed.

Mr. *Sears* spoke of the way experiments are made as having much to do with results, and considered the question of the values of any particular kind of food a difficult one.

Mr. *Sears* also spoke of the value of roots for milk cows, and of the necessity of careful study of the subject.

Mr. *Merrifield* thought the best way is to raise these crops, and with his experience he should give up growing crops for feed.

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TWO HYDROPHOBIA VICTIMS.

Much interest has been awakened in the hydrophobia cases at Chicopee and Suffield, Conn., and we have to report for each a steady advance of the disease. Both men owe their terrible sufferings and the almost certain prospect of death to vagrant dogs. Everybody must admit that their lives are of greater value than many curs. Such cases reconcile the average citizen to the muzzling of valuable dogs and the sure slaughter of all roaming canines.

Dentist S. L. Way, of Suffield, was bitten December 28, but it being only a scratch-like he let the dog go and said nothing to anybody. But a short time before he noticed two tramping dogs in his yard, and afterward found his pet bitten in the neck, which was covered with froth. This he wiped off with his handkerchief and thought no more about it. A day or two afterward George Phelps, a stalwart granger neighbor, entering the hound killing his chickens, grabbed him by the hind leg and dashed his brains out against a post, before it could bite him. Last Sunday night, the first symptoms of hydrophobia in Dr. Way appeared, medical aid was called at once, and then Dr. Way related his experience with the dog. The case was given to Dr. Newton, who called a council at once, when it was pronounced genuine hydrophobia. Drs. Storrs, Avery and Johnson of Hartford, Newton, Mather and Kellogg of Suffield, and Strickland of Enfield, have viewed the patient, and other doctors have been called. Dr. Storrs attended Prof. Alvergn t. The sufferer's brother, a Bristol, Ct., physician, is also in constant attendance. Dr. Way has suffered terrible spasms and frenzies, his screams being heard half a mile, but he has been kept most of the time under the influence of morphia and attrobia by hypodermic injections. Since Sunday, only two table-spoonfuls have passed his throat. He has also been a nervous man, verging on the hypochondriac, and has been subject to nervous fits and mood spells, to which friends lay his present sickness in a great measure. Sometimes, when filling teeth he would be forced to give up and go to bed. He was constantly making mountains out of mole hills; lawsuits with his successor at Enfield, which he came six years ago, lost him, as did the Charter Oak business, which he had policies, and spinal troubles affected him greatly. A late disputation says that Dr. Way was expected to live but a short time. He is weak, but the spasms will continue. He craves water, but when it is brought he is convulsed at the sight of it.

Asahel Buckland of Chicopee went on Tuesday from "bad to worse," the convulsions of the evening occurring every five minutes with frequent spasms of the throat. He can take no liquid, is rational between the spasms, knows his condition and danger fully and don't want anything done to prolong life. He is a man of wonderful nerve and tries hard to control himself; after a hard spell of tumult, generally expressing regret that he makes so much trouble. He says he tries hard to restrain himself, and is sorry he can do no better. Speaking of water or drink, the sound of it, any effort to drink or thinking about it, cold air striking him, or a sudden noise or surprise, brings on at once a violent convulsion. Yet he bears it all with great fortitude, and talks of death with the honest courage of a sincere Christian. With the help of a medical friend, his physician has been able to give great medical attention. Mr. Buckland made a desperate effort Tuesday evening to swallow some water, and after some efforts succeeded in getting down about a tablespoonful. The patient was much worse yesterday morning, as he had had a bad night, with terrible convulsions and failing strength. A quarter of a grain of curare was given him every hour, and seemed to quiet the spasms, and the physicians used it freely, as he begged earnestly for it. It was found necessary to stop the vapor treatment, as the patient thought it brought on spasms, and would not permit it.

Both the above cases have since proved fatal.

A FREE CITY OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

[From the New York Times.]

Constantinople under Turkish rule became the centre of a vast system of plunder and neglect. The city was enriched by the spoils of Europe and Asia. A large multitude gathered there. But its legitimate commerce has never been large. The race which left this golden key of the world's commerce has never been able to open the door. They were like barbarians in possession of a complicated machine. The Sultans have simply wrung their wealth from the plundered peasantry, and lived generation after generation in their rich palaces on the Bosphorus. No building, no work of art, no machine or invention, so far as we are aware, has ever been discovered or constructed in Constantinople by a Turk. The Greek has done all. The race has basked in the rich sunlight of that delicious climate, and has enjoyed all the luxuries and beauties of the Golden Horn for more than four centuries, has seen the current of the world's history flow by, and has never contributed a single blessing or benefit to mankind. Outside of the capital, its dominion has been to a great extent a curse and a blight. Inside, it has permitted all things to remain as they were. As a free city, it might, like Venice of old, or Hamburg in later times, be the centre of a world's commerce. The Greek has an aptitude for trade, and, no doubt, the merchants of all countries would gather there. The burdens that have hitherto rested on all production and industry in the Turkish empire would then be removed, and we might see a new centre of civilization where Asiatic barbarism has reigned so long. But this will not be till the Empire of the race of Osman has come to its end, and that must be yet in a future, not remote, but not immediate.

ENGLAND'S BUGBEARS.

[From the New York Tribune.]

Just now, when England is watching Russia with mouth wide open and eyes wider than ever, Mr. Effie Burritt's characteristic exposition of the wild suspicions that have possessed the British mind for generations back with respect to Russia's purposes, makes timely reading. Mr. Burritt selects three of these imaginings as being the most popular and the most absurd; the idea that Russia aims to overpower Europe from Constantinople, fifteen hundred miles from the chief centers on her European border, when she had made no such attempt from her own strongholds; the idea that Russia, with Constantinople, would be in a better situation to capture India, guarded by British regiments and ships, and swarming with a population second only to that of China; the idea that the Mediterranean could then be converted into a "Russian lake," or, in other words, that Gibraltar and Malta could be silenced, and the fleets of England and all Europe be swept out into the Atlantic. Whether these are all delusions or not, they have taken a strange hold upon a large portion of the English people, and it is interesting to see the light in which Mr. Burritt places them.

HOW THE STREETS OF PARIS ARE CARED FOR.—The estimated expense of keeping the public streets, ways and squares of Paris in good order for 1878, is placed at twenty-seven millions of francs, or about $5,400,000. The receipts of the public way department are placed at twenty-four millions of francs. This income is derived from taxes imposed upon the citizens. Every new building which is erected must pay so much per square foot. A balcony is taxed 10 or 20 francs, according to its height from the ground, and there is a special tax for signs, lanterns, etc. There is also a tax for sweeping the streets which reaches 2,600,000 francs. This is a recent idea. Formerly, the care of the streets was the duty of the abutters. In the old narrow streets this was not a heavy task, but as new broad streets were created, it was found necessary to raise a subscription to pay for keeping the middle of the streets cleanly. The subscribers complained that the non-subscribers were as much benefitted as they were, and it became necessary to create a special tax, which varies according to the width of the streets. The carriage stands pay more than four million francs for the privilege. Each omnibus pays 2000 francs per annum, and the street cars 1500 francs each.

The bill poster is taxed for his sign boards; the proprietors of cafes are taxed for the privilege given their patrons to sit on the side walk and drink their coffee; the skating ponds are leased, and, in short, the municipal fathers of Paris, pick up an honest franc wherever they can find it, and the money goes into the public chest.

☞ During the past season there were shipped from the State of Delaware 3,072,620 bushels of peaches. There were canned in the State 319,675 baskets. It is estimated that the growers realized a profit of fifty cents per bushel, or nearly $1,700,000 for the entire crop.

☞ The constituents of soot are those once forming fertilising material of the soil. They are valuable whether of coal or wood, and contain charcoal, ammonia compounds, muriatic acid, lime, magnesia, and other substances.

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The old-established and reliable Eagle Gold and Silver Plating Co., Cincinnati, O., will supply this valuable Silver Tableware as a New-Year's Gift. This elegant Set of
SILVER TEASPOONS AND BUTTER-KNIFE
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DELIVERED TO YOU FREE.
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Cut out the above order and send for the Gift at once, together with One Dollar to pay postal and packing charges, so that the articles can be delivered to you free of any expense. Address Eagle Gold & Silver Plating Co., 180 Elm St., Cincinnati, O.
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A discount of 15 per cent. will be made on all orders transmitted through Messrs. Douglas & Sons' Eastern Agent. For Catalogues and all information, apply to FRANCIS SKINNER.
feb2-4t Brookline, Mass., Agent.

Wanted,
A 20 to 25 quart COW. Extra rich milk.
W. G. STRONG,
feb2-1t* 120 Fulton St., Boston.

Farm for Sale.
One of the best Farms in the pleasant and thriving town of Leominster. The well-known Farm owned by the late Geo. H. Grout, deceased. Said Farm contains about 54 acres of choice land, situated one mile from North Leominster, on the road leading to Hartward, quarter of a mile from the village, a pleasant location, good neighborhood, is in a high state of cultivation; cuts about 50 tons mowing, good orchard; also, pears, peaches and other small fruits. A good two-story House, painted and blinded, with L, in good repair. Barn nearly new, 40 by 60 feet, with shed. Must be seen to be appreciated. For further particulars, inquire of the subscribers, near the premises.
JOHN PAGE, or NATHAN STONE.
feb2-6t North Leominster, Mass.

J. B. ROOT,
Manufacturer of and Dealer in
CRUSHED BONE,
Ground Bone, Super-Phosphate for Fertilizing Purposes.
Also, BONE MEAL FOR CATTLE, warranted equal to any that can be found elsewhere.
NORTHBORO BONE MILL,
feb2-13t* NORTHBORO, MASS.

Matchless—Unrivaled.—FRANZ LISZT.
ALL WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS of RECENT YEARS;
Paris, 1867; Vienna, 1873; Santiago, 1875; Philadelphia, 1876;
HAVE AWARDED THEIR
HIGHEST HONORS
TO THE
MASON & HAMLIN
CABINET ORGANS for
Demonstrated Superiority.
NEW STYLES at reduced prices, from $56 upwards. Cash Prices. FIFTH OCTAVE, DOUBLE REED, $100; NINE STOPS, $105; in ELEGANT UPRIGHT CASE, NEW STYLE, $120; in JET AND GOLD BRONZE, $135. Sold also for instalments or rented until rent pays. A small Organ of best quality may be obtained by payment of $5 per month. For testimonials, ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES and PRICE LISTS free.
MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN CO.,
154 Tremont St., BOSTON; 25 Union Sq., NEW YORK; 250 Wabash Ave., CHICAGO.
feb2-13t

2,500,000 Strawberry, Raspberry, Blackberry, Currant, Gooseberry, Grapes, Asparagus Roots, Peach Trees, etc. 100 SELECTED VARIETIES. Great American Strawberries. Largest and best. Berries 12 ots. each, 9 in. apart. By mail, 10 for $1; 100 for $6; 1000 for $40. Wilson Albany, Charles Downing, Kentucky, Seth Boyden, Green Prolific, $2 per 1000; Cupid, Jack, Cumberland Triumph, Sterling, Jucunda, $3 per 1000. ALL PRICES. Catalogue free. Cut this out. JOHN S. COLLINS, Moorestown, New Jersey.
feb2-1am4t

SENT FREE on application—BRIGGS & BRO.'S Flower and Vegetable Catalogue. Our large crops enable us to SELL SEEDS LOW.
ROCHESTER, N. Y., or CHICAGO, ILLS.
feb2-4t

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.
feb2

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.
feb2

GOLD, Any worker can make $12 a day at home. Costly Outfit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine. feb2

STOCKBRIDGE
MANURES.

PRICES REDUCED.

☞ Send for new Pamphlet for 1878, full of information, mailed free.

PREPARED ONLY BY
W. H. BOWKER & CO.,
43 Chatham Street, Boston,
3 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
jan26-4t

DR. S. C. HEWETT
HAS removed to 349 Tremont St., where he has splendid apartments and bathing rooms, and female attendants. He applies all kinds of Medicated Baths for his specialties.
Diseased Spines, General Debility, Hip Diseases, White Swellings, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Scrofula, Sprains, Diseased Joints, Muscles, Limbs, and all weaknesses. Also Bone Setting.
Dr. H. commenced his practice at the age of 18 years, and 42 years' practice gives him a knowledge never all practitioners. His remarkable cures are known all over the United States. Dr. H. gives advice and medicine in all the above cases, if required, to apply at home. Consultation free. apr11-13t

Choirs, Singing Schools, Societies
SHOULD USE
The Salutation (per doz.) or Zion (per doz.)
or The Encore (per doz.) or
Perkins' Singing School (per doz.)
or Johnson's Chorus Choir
Instruction Book (per doz.)

The first two are first class Church music books, by L. O. Emerson and W. O. Perkins, and have full instructive courses. The last three are fitted especially for Singing Schools by the very best talent. Now for a spirited Winter and Spring Singing Class!

Also give new interest to the year's practice, by getting up one of our 40 CANTATAS, (send for circulars.) Five of them are:

Belshazzar,	Butterfield.	$1,25
Don Munio,	Dudley Buck.	1,50
Joseph's Bondage,	Chadwick.	1,25
Prodigal Son,	Sullivan.	1,25
Walpurgis Night,	Mendelssohn.	.80

Belshazzar and Joseph's Bondage are dramatized, and are splendid musical dramas.
OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.
C. H. Ditson & Co., 711 Broadway, New York.
J. E. Ditson & Co., Successors to Lee & Walker, Phila.
feb2-4t

VICK'S FLOWER AND VEGETABLE GARDEN

is the most beautiful work of the kind in the world. It contains nearly 150 pages, hundreds of fine Illustrations, and six Chromo Plates of Flowers, beautifully drawn and colored from nature. Price 50 cents in paper covers; $1.00 in elegant cloth. Printed in German and English.
Vick's Illustrated Monthly Magazine, 32 pages, fine Illustrations, and Colored Plate in every number. Price $1.25 a year; Five copies for $5.00.
Vick's Catalogue,—300 Illustrations, only 2 cents. Address JAMES VICK,
feb2-cow2t Rochester, N. Y.

BOVININE
OR
CONCENTRATED
BEEF JUICE.

For purposes of nourishment "Bovinine" is fast taking the place of "Beef Extracts," being far better suited to the most delicate patients. Consumptives and those suffering from debility or low state of the system, derive great benefit from its use. In cases of Poverty of Blood, accompanied by General Debility, this invigorating preparation is peculiarly adapted. Physicians, after several months' trial, pronounce it one of the best articles of nourishment they have ever seen: it containing the chief essentials, in a form palatable and easily absorbed without taxing the digestive organs, and also being entirely free from any drug, they have no hesitation in recommending its use.
PREPARED BY
JAMES P. BUSH, BOSTON.
FOR SALE BY
T. METCALF & CO., 59 Tremont street;
JOS. T. BROWN & CO., 104 Washington street;
GILMAN BROS., 307 Washington street;
GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., 38 Hanover street.
And other leading Druggists and Apothecaries.
Also, McDEWELL & ADAMS, 152 Tremont st.
jan26-3m

Farm for Sale,
22 MILES FROM BOSTON.
A very nice and pleasantly located Farm, 22 miles from Boston, on Fitchburg Railroad. Said Farm contains about 65 acres good land, House of 11 rooms; also Barn and out-buildings, all in splendid order. Stock and Tools to match; everything in the best running order. About 15 acres of heavy Wood and Timber. All for sale at a very low price to the right party.
Address FARMER,
jan26-3t* Box 704 Boston P. O.

For Sale or Exchange.
A new brown stone front House, cost $15,000 to build. In a first class locality—all modern improvements. A good chance for parties desiring a city residence. Address W. M. P., Box 2859, Boston, Mass. jan19-3t*

To Rent or Lease.
One of the best Farms in the State, 100 acres, 8 cows, &c.; 1/2 mile from city of 15,000, and within 8 of one of 30,000; must be a responsible party with some capital. Address P. O. Box 1486, Haverhill, Mass. jan3-tf

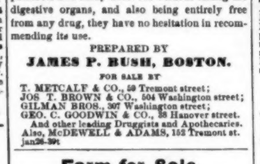
Farms! Farms!
I have the largest and best variety of Farms for sale now offered in this market. Can give you a home in any part of New England at a bargain. For full and reliable description of property, see my Catalogue, which is FREE to any address on receipt of stamp. REAL ESTATE JOURNAL. All letters promptly answered. JAMES GRAY,
nov18-tf 35 Tremont Row, Boston.

For Sale,
A valuable Dairy Farm, of about 200 acres, located 11 miles from West Warren; buildings all in good condition; $400 worth of milk at wholesale, can now sold monthly. Will be sold cheap, as the owner is engaged in other business. For particulars, address
WM. LINCOLN & CO.,
jan26-tf Warren, Mass.

For Sale,
The Sherthorn Bull Albino 18865, three years old, of fine white coat and large form; also bay 13th Duke Airdrie. Also, Shorthorn Cows and Heifers.
J. LEWIS ELLSWORTH,
jan19-3t Worcester, Mass.

Ayrshire Cattle.
Cows and Heifers of pure blood, and Herd Book animals.
Apply to
T. OSGOOD WARDWELL,
jan19-3t* North Andover, Mass., or, 106 Congress St., Boston.

PERFECT BUTTER
Can be made all the year by using our PERFECTED BUTTER COLOR. It is far better than carrots, annatto or any other color, as one spoonful to the cent, and no work to use. It gives a pure dandelion color and never turns red, or rancid, but tends to improve and preserve the butter. Warranted to add 5 cts. per pound to its selling value. Is recommended by the agricultural press, and used by thousands of the best dairymen. If you wish to know what it is, what it costs, who uses it, and where you can get it, write to WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Proprietors, Burlington, Vt. jan26-3t



My annual Catalogue of Vegetable and Flower Seed for 1878, rich in engravings, will be sent FREE, to all who apply. Customers of last season need not write for it. I offer one of the largest collections of vegetable seed ever sent out by any seed house in America, a large portion of which were grown on my six seed farms. Printed directions for cultivation on each package. All seed warranted to be both fresh and true to name; so far, that should prove otherwise I will refill the order gratis. New vegetables a specialty. As the original introducer of the Hubbard Squash, Phinney's Melon, Marblehead Cabbages, Mexican Corn, I offer several new vegetables this season, and for the purchasers of which they are curious & hitherto seed directly from the grower, fresh, true, and of the very best strain.
Address J. J. H. GREGORY,
dec22-cow12tsw11t Marblehead, Mass.

GERMAN PLANT FOOD
Will make PLANTS GROW AND BLOSSOM. Price 10 cts. AGENTS WANTED in every town. Sample by mail, 25 cts. C. W. GUY, 32 Bedford St., Boston. jan26-3t

THE
GLOBE NAIL.
The Best Horse Shoe Nail ever made.

About ten years ago the GLOBE NAIL COMPANY of Boston, put on the market the first pointed, polished and finished Horse Shoe Nails ready for driving. Previous to that time all Horse Shoe Nails were pointed, and most of them made, by the shoers in their own shops.

1776.

6 lbs. of Finished Nails per day.

The Globe Nail was at once found to be much cheaper and better than any then in use. It soon became so popular that all manufacturers of Horse Shoe Nails were compelled to make their Nails to resemble the Globe. For the last ten years it has been the model. Each year the Nail has been greatly improved in quality, and to such a point have we educated the shoers that now they will hardly use a nail unless it is absolutely perfect.
At the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, we were awarded the Medal and the following report, far stronger than that given upon any other Nail:

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1876.
U. S. CENTENNIAL COMMISSION,
[BUREAU OF AWARDS.]
PHILADELPHIA, June 22, 1876.
No. 239, Globe Nail Co., Boston, Mass.:
Horse Shoe Nails, Pointed, Polished and Finished. The uniformity in size, smoothness of finish, hardness and toughness of the iron, closeness of fibre, and excellence of the head and point, the tensile strength of body, and riveting properties of these Nails, unite in making them of the very highest class of manufacture.
Recommended for an Award of Merit.
DANIEL STEINMETZ, Phila. Chairman,
J. D. IMBODEN, Richmond, Va.,
CHARLES STAPLES, Portland, Me.,
G. L. REED, Clearfield, Pa.,
DAV. McILARDY, Aberdeen, Scotland,
T. DIEFFENBACH, Germany.
Group Judges XV.

Until within a few months we have not been able to make these Nails fast enough to supply the demand. We have now increased our facilities so that we are prepared to fill at once orders for any quantity of either number or pattern.

1876.

600 lbs. Finished Nails per day.

We annex a sample of the testimonials we receive daily from all parts of the country:

ST. LOUIS, Mo., June 8, 1877.
GLOBE NAIL CO., BOSTON, MASS.,
Gentlemen: Find enclosed advertisement and postal card concerning your Nail. [Referring to a scurrilous advertisement and postal card, disparaging the Globe Nail, circulated by a rival manufacturer over the humbug signature of "Humane Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." No Society bearing that title ever existed.] As I take a great interest in the prevention of cruelty to animals,—horses in particular,—I desire to say a few words in favor of The Globe Nail. Though I am not a very extensive Horse Shoer, yet I have used enough Nails of the different makes to speak knowingly. I have used the Globe Nail in my shop and on the race track for six years, on all classes of horses, from the heavy draft horse to the tender footed running horse; and I can safely say IT HAS NO SUPERIOR IN POINT OF TOUGHNESS, SHAPE, EASE OF DRIVE, IF HAS ANY EQUAL. I have used about fifteen hundred pounds of Globe Nails a year for the last six years, and in that time I have found four imperfect Nails, two of which I returned to you about two years ago and received in return four perfect ones, for which accept my thanks. If my men had no better sense than to drive those imperfect Nails in a horse's foot I would not consider it the fault of the Nail if the horse was lamed. If horses would look more to the competency of their men and less to trying to get shoeing nails a few cents a pound cheaper, we would have fewer lame horses. I KNOW FROM LONG AND DURABLE TESTS, WITH A MAN WHO UNDERSTANDS HIS BUSINESS TO DRIVE THEM YOUR NAILS CAN'T BE BEAT. I am willing to pay without any suit, for all horses that are lamed in my shop by using the Globe Nail. As long as it is made as it is now, I shall continue to use it, for I find I could get other Nails for nothing. I consider it the safest Nail that was ever driven in a horse's foot
Yours Very Respectfully,
(Signed,) P. H. O'NEILL,
Horse Shoer, No. 1007 Broadway.
P. S. I think I could get every boss in St. Louis to sign this if I thought it necessary. P. H. O'N.

The best Horse is sure to win. SO CLEAR THE TRACK FOR THE
GLOBE NAIL CO.
BOSTON, June 23, 1877.

Hardy
REMOVAL.
A. N. HARDY, Artist Photographer,
Has removed to his new and elegant Studio,
No. 493 Washington Street, Boston, between Temple Place and West Street. Permanent Carbon Photographs made that will not spot or fade. Also, a new Panel Picture different from anything ever before offered in Boston. Prices reasonable.
jan19-13t

A. PORTER,

PRACTICAL OPTICIAN,
333 Washington Street, (Up one Flight.)
If your vision is impaired come and have a pair of the celebrated FRENCH PERISCOPIC SPECTACLES or EYE-GLASSES, fitted to suit your vision, and thus preserve your sight. Spectacles and Eye-Glasses made to order and repaired. New Lenses inserted in old frames.
N. B.—Beware of the many bogus Opticians who are selling Spectacles that are sure to injure the eyes of those who wear them. nov24-13t

BAY STATE MILLS.
J. F. PAUL & SONS,
LUMBER DEALERS.
ASH, WALNUT, SPRUCE AND HARD PINE FLOORING; MOULDINGS, GUTTERS AND CONDUCTORS.
MACHINE DRESSED CEDAR SHINGLES
of any length, from 4 to 7 inches, and 20 or 24 inches long. Can be ornamented the same as slate. Send for Circular.
Albany Street, Boston.
nov24-13t

FLOUR

jan19-13t

Inspected Potash,
IN any quantity, for family use, manufacturing, or for Fertilising the soil. None reliable unless the Inspector's name is branded on each cask. For sale at the lowest prices by
M. D. COOK & SON,
Inspection Office, No. 106 Canal Street, Boston.
mch19-52t

WANTED—Men in each State for the Detective Service and to report crime. Pay liberal. Inclose stamp, and address AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN SECRET SERVICE CO., Cincinnati, Ohio.
jan5-13t

3000 FREE SAMPLES to be given to men and women in search of honorable and profitable work. P. MORRIS, Chicago. dec6-13t

Farm Implements

FARMERS, ATTENTION!
Something New.
ANVIL & VISE COMBINED.
PATENTED OCT. 23, 1877.

Heretofore the cost of such tools has been beyond the means of many farmers, but with this invention, we can supply their wants, for with it and Vise combined, at about the cost of a Vise alone.

The face of the Anvil is chill hardened, rendering it of sufficient strength to withstand all ordinary usage. We manufacture three sizes at the following prices:

No. 1, weight 40 pounds		$4.50
No. 2, " 25	"	3.75
No. 3, " 14	"	3.00

For sale at the Agricultural and Hardware Stores. All orders sent to us direct will receive prompt attention.
RICHARDSON MANUFACTURING CO.,
WORCESTER, MASS.
☞ Live Agents wanted to canvas. jan5-6t

NEW AND IMPORTANT
IMPROVEMENT IN
Railway Horse Powers
WITH
OLDS' PATENT LINK.
One, Two and Three Horse.
WHAT OUR MACHINES WILL DO.
With one Two-Horse Power, and Thresher with Iron Cylinder, 250 to 400 Bushels of Oats, or 200 to 250 Bushels of Wheat can be Threshed and Cleaned in one day. Our DRAG SAW will cut 50 Cords 16-inch Rock Maple Wood, and our CIRCULAR SAWS 125 Cords of the same kind of Wood in a Day.
Was awarded at the New England Agricultural Fair, Sept. 3 to 7, at Portland, Maine, FIRST PREMIUM and SILVER MEDAL, over three competitors.
MANUFACTURED BY
THE ST. ALBANS FOUNDRY CO.
sep15-tf ST. ALBANS, VERMONT.

ECLIPSE WIND MILL,
FOR FARM AND HOUSE PURPOSES.
AGENTS Wanted. Send for Circulars, TO
L. H. WHEELER,
sep8 36 Oliver Street, Boston.

ANIMAL MEAL!
FOR FOWLS AND SWINE.
(Patented.) (Trade Mark.)

IF YOU WANT TO MAKE MONEY
By raising any number of Chickens, at any season of the year, without getting beat, and at small cost, address for circular,
EDWARD A. SAMUELS,
Walnut Hill, Natick, Mass.

Feed daily in the proportion of one quart Animal Meal, with six to eight quarts common meal or other food in form of a dough. It is so concentrated that it should never be fed dry or alone, but always mixed largely with other food.
Trial Bag—30 lbs. for $1.00; 100 lbs. (no charge for bag) $3.00.
Delivered free to cars.
W. H. BOWKER & CO., Proprietors,
43 Chatham St. Boston.
Sole Agents for Stockbridge Manures.
dec29-tf

POULTRY.
CONDIMENTAL FOOD,
Best and Cheapest in the market.
jan26-3t JACOB GRAVES, Gen'l Agent.

Imperial Egg Food

(Trade Mark.)
Will Make Your Hens Lay,
Winter and Summer, support Fowls during moulting, keep them constantly in fine condition, and increase their profit 100 per cent. Half of the chicks die annually. This makes bone and muscle cheap, and will save them. Packages to mix with 50 weight ordinary feed, 50 cts.; larger for $1.00 and $2.00. Sent prepaid on receipt of price. Also sold by Grocers, Feed Stores, etc.
—LOCAL AGENTS WANTED.—
C. H. ALLEN & CO., Box 105, HARTFORD, CONN.
H. B. ARNOLD & CO., 39 Blackstone St., Boston, Wholesale Agents.
oct27-39t

HENS LAY! If fed with EGYPTIAN EGG PRODUCER. 25 cents per lb. is needed; 1 lb is enough for 10 hens a month. Grocers sell it, 4 lbs., $1; 1 lb., 35 cts. C. W. GUY, Manufacturer, 35 Bedford St., Boston. Circulars free.
One pound sent, postage paid, for 50c.
Agents wanted in every town in the United States. Sold by the Wholesale Grocers, Flour and Spice Dealers. jan26-cowtf

THOUSANDS OF CHICKENS

IF YOU WANT TO MAKE MONEY
By raising any number of Chickens, at any season of the year, without getting beat, and at small cost, address for circular,
EDWARD A. SAMUELS,
Walnut Hill, Natick, Mass.

Choice Fowls and Eggs.
PARTRIDGE COCHINS, DARK BRAHMA, PLYMOUTH ROCK, and 27 other varieties of Fowls and Eggs, for sale by E. R. PERKINS,
226 Essex St., Salem, Mass.
Enclose and send stamp for Circular. aug6-tf

For Sale.
LIGHT BRAHMA PULLETS, $3.00 to $6.00 per pair, from pure blooded strains, delivered to Express in Boston on receipt of price. Also, EGGS at $3.00 per setting.
J. SKILTON & CO.,
dec22-13t* P. O. Box 418, Reading, Mass.

DR. FITLER'S RHEUMATIC SYRUP
$250 Record for an Incurable case. Dr. J. F. FITLER, Dear Sir:—Your Rheumatic Syrup, in 1866, appointed to Professor's chair 1866; have devoted 40 years exclusively to Chronic Rheumatism, Kidney Diseases, Dyspepsia, and I guarantee Dr. Fitler's Rheumatic Remedy, Kidney Cordial, and Nerve Pills to relieve the worst case, or will refund money. Pamphlet, Endorsement, and Medical advice sent by mail gratis. Address Dr. Fitler, 63 S. Penn Sq. cor. Penn, Phila. Medicines are brought.

DR. FITLER'S GERMAN PECTORAL, only 25c. One bottle is warranted to benefit any cough, cold, bronchial or lung disease, or money refunded. mch17 52t

Mansfield's Electrizer.
A Positive and Sure Remedy for
BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES,
All Diseases of the Urinary Organs, Bladder and Kidneys. This Remedy is perfectly harmless, containing no Mercury or Opiates, and can therefore be taken without any injurious effects upon the system.
Prepared only by the Proprietor, DR. MANSFIELD, 26 Tremont street, Boston.
☞ DR. MANSFIELD, Practical Physician for Diseases of the Urinary Organs, can be consulted every day from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. at his office, 26 Tremont street, Boston.
N. B.—Letters of Consultation, $1.00. jan26

25 EXTRA MIXED CARDS, Snowflake, Orient, Jet, &c., with name, 10c. E. B. HUESTED, Nassau, N. Y. sep1

$2500 a year. Agents wanted everywhere. Business strictly legitimate. Particulars free Address J. WORTH & Co., St. Louis, Mo.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE
COMPOUND
CURES
FEMALE COMPLAINTS.

It is a positive cure for Prolapsus Uteri. It restores the blood to its natural condition, directs the vital powers aright, strengthens the muscles of the uterus, and lifts it into its place, and gives it tone and strength, so that the cure is radical and entire.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
Vegetable Compound
CURES
Female Complaints.

It is a never-failing remedy in all diseases of the KIDNEYS. It is producing the most wonderful effects in DYSPEPSIA. Immediately relieves WEAKNESS of the STOMACH, and CORRECTS INDIGESTION.

The following are a few of thousands of testimonials that the proprietor has received:—

"It is the best preparation I ever heard of for female weakness. D. W. WIGGIN, Druggist, Lewiston, Maine."

"Every customer brings another. F. M. HOWE, Druggist, Bangor, Maine."

"The sales are rapidly increasing as its value be comes known. BIXBY & BUCK, Druggists, Skowhegan, Maine."

"It leads the list of all my proprietary medicines. J. W. COLCORD, Druggist, Lynn, Mass."

"Our customers, without a single exception, speak of it in the highest terms of praise. R. B. STEARNS & CO., Druggists, Burlington, Vermont."

"I have used it in my own family, and I know it will do all it claims. WARREN TOPPAN, Druggist, Lynn, Mass."

"I shall continue to prescribe your Vegetable Compound. DR. JOHN S. CARTER, Erie, Pa."

"Physicians of my acquaintance are surprised by their success with your Vegetable Compound, DR. ROBT ROHLAND, New York City."

"LYNN, April 9, 1877.
MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM:—
Dear Friend—I have been troubled with Kidney Complaint for two years, and at times the urinal discharges were so frequent and painful, I was obliged to give up my business and confine myself to my room. I tried various remedies with only temporary relief, until I tried your Vegetable Compound, which has benefitted me so much I have not been obliged to leave my business since; and I am happy to recommend it to any one similarly afflicted. If this statement will be of service, you are at liberty to use my name. Truly yours,
MICAIAH C. BUTMAN,
No. 29 Broad st., Lynn, Mass."

LYDIA E. PINK

The Poet's Corner.

WHITHER?

"My days are like the swift ships."

Whither on life's tempestuous sea
Boundeth thy bark so rapidly?
Now in the sunshine joyous gliding,
Now 'mid the harrying storm 'tis riding
Onward, onward, for ever away;
Whither, O voyager, canst thou say?

"I hold my helm with skillful hand,
Sure I may hope for some happy land;
As well may I as the many that ride
The heaving waters on every side.
Meanwhile, as the sunbeams round us play,
We reck not ill of the distant day!"

O mariner wild, wilt listen to me?
For i have been far on the trencherous sea.
And I said, as I roamed so bold and free,
"Though others are wrecked, 'twill ne'er be me,;
Methought I could guide my bark alone,
And heart misgivings I had none.

But a dark night came, and the storm awoke,
My frail bark shivered beneath its stroke!
And death looked forth from the angry wave,
And loudly I called, "Is there none to save?"
When lo! there drew nigh a Wondrous One,
Walking the billows all alone!

"Save or I perish, oh save me now!"
I cried to Him from the depth below.
He clasped in His own my trembling hand,
Till by His side I could firmly stand;
Then He led me the still waters o'er,
And bade me trust Him evermore!

O mariner, hearken now to me,
The night and the storm are awaiting thee;
And lifeboat for thy soul there is none,
Until thou meet with this Wondrous One,
He walks on the billows, He seeks for thee,
Out on the wild and stormy sea!

Ladies' Department.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman

DAVID AND I.

AN ORIGINAL STORY.

BY CORPORAL SQUIB.

Author of "A Trip Southward," "Nautical Sketches," "Corporal Squib on the Fair," etc.

[Concluded.]

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Mr. Vincent and Mrs. Vandevoort went with me next morning to the prison, and I was permitted to see David for a short time alone.

I ought not to attempt to describe the interview, and I will not, more than to give the substance of what David told me. How haggard he looked, that morning! And yet, how bravely he spoke to me! He said he had been worrying for me, not for himself; in his innocence he did not fear anything that could come to him; an innocent man need never be troubled for himself, he said. Nor had he any doubt but what his innocence would appear, after awhile.

The message that Mrs. Vandevoort had sent for me from Albany, had been given him the day before, and he had replied to it, but so late that we had left Albany before his reply reached them. He did not know that, however, and feeling sure that I would find some way to come back to him, he was even expecting me when I came. He had sent no word to any one else, for he hoped that his innocence would appear and that we should be able to go home without being obliged to send our friends such dreadful news.

And it did seem that morning as if there was a chance that David's innocence might be established; for the first excitement having cooled a little, it began to appear to the officers of the law, and to all who knew the circumstances, that David could have had no reason for murdering that man. If he was the murderer, why should they have found nothing belonging to the other man upon him?—nor any money or papers upon the other? From the murdered man's appearance it was evident that he must have had money; but with the exception of a few loose pieces in a vest pocket, none had been found. The most thorough search had been made in the vicinity of the spot where the murder occrured,—which was in a passage leading to an outbuilding near the depot,—but neither money nor papers had been found.

Then, too, the man who had gone to Albany for the trunks, was so impressed by what I had said, that he had changed his mind in regard to David and believed him really innocent. And I might say the same of Mr. Vincent. The opinions of both these men had weight, and very essentially modified the opinions of others; so that there was really a reaction in David's favor. And yet, that look, and those words of the dying man, —they seemed to say unmistakably that David was his murderer.

David told me all about it, and I believed him as implicitly as I would an angel. Upon entering that passage where the man was found—which he did at once upon leaving the train—he saw a man at the farther end of it lying on the ground, face downward, and struggling as if to rise. He ran instantly to assist him; and, what was his surprise on beholding his face, to see that it was Mr. Tisbury, the man who had left us to perish in the brig! His surprise was so great that he did not at once notice that a knife was buried in his body, up to the haft, nor could he have seen the knife at all as the man first lay. He tried to raise him up, and then he saw a pool of blood, and the handle of the knife.

Without a thought as to the consequence, David turned the man over and drew the knife quickly out. Then it struck him, like a flash, that he would himself be accused of the murder; and he stood for a moment bending over the man with the bloody knife in his hand, considering what to do. He was about to drop the knife and rush away to call help, when two other men entered the passage and rushed to him.

David said he never felt so faint as he did at that moment, for he knew that he would be accused of murder. He could neither move nor speak. He saw the men start, and turn back; but the next moment they appeared again, and others with them.

He dropped the knife, and stood motionless till they laid hands on him. Then, although he could not control himself to speak, he said it seemed as if he could have crushed them all. But he did not even try to shake them off, and they led him quietly away. They brought the dying man after him, and laid him down where his eyes could rest upon him. A great crowd stood around them, and then they asked, "Did this man stab you?"

David said the mate plainly recognized him, although he was dying, for he never saw such an awful expression on any human face before. He tried hard to speak, but could only gasp those two words, "That man!"

David said he did not believe the dying man had any intention of accusing him of being his murderer; but his words had been cut short before he could utter them all, and every one else believed that he had meant to say that he was the man who had stabbed him.

Then David had tried to explain; but no one believed him; and when he said that the man who had just breathed his last was himself a murderer, they received the statement with derision, accepting it as still surer proof that he had done the bloody deed. They first searched him, and then hurried him away and locked him in a gloomy cell, till next morning, when he was brought before a justice, and committed for trial.

"It was a dreary day, Mary," David said; "but I felt a little better after I got that message from you. I wondered what you would think, and what you would do, and I thought what a fool I was not to make you keep some money in your own pocket. It troubled me a good deal, that you had no money, or even a ticket—or baggage check. It will learn me a lesson, Mary, never to leave you without money again."

I wondered how David could think of so small a matter then, but I told him how fortunate I had been in finding so good a friend as Mrs. Vandevoort; and then I asked him if it would not be better to write, now, either to father or James, or to both, so that they might help to prove his innocence.

"O no, Mary; not just yet," he said. "Perhaps there will be no need of it. I would rather lie here a week than have them know anything about it till after I am cleared. I don't know but it would kill mother,—and father too, if they were to know what has happened. I might have written to any of my friends, Mary, if I had thought best, but I'd rather not."

But when our interview was ended, every one told me that I ought to write to some of our friends at once; for their assistance was highly necessary. And indeed, I thought so myself; so, contrary to David's wish, I did then write to James, urging him, however, not to make the matter known to any of our friends at home. But before this letter reached him, he had received the other of which I have spoken, and was already on his way to us.

It came hard to leave David again alone, in that gloomy iron-barred cell. But he said good-bye in a cheerful tone, and even with a smiling face. "It will be all right, Mary," said he; "it will be all right. No man ever yet suffered very long for doing a good deed."

"Oh, David, but many have given their lives for good deeds! You have not forgotten Him who of all others suffered for doing good?"

He pressed me in his arms, and said, "Nay, nay, Mary; and therein is my greatest strength. I know that there is another than you, Mary, who will never forsake me; who *knows* my innocence, even though it shall not please Him to make it appear to the eyes of men. We can trust Him, Mary, let come what will we can trust Him." And filled with the strength which such faith gives he turned back into his gloomy cell.

And I went away, and wrote that letter; and then walked all through the long hours for another day—that I might go into that dismal prison again. For my very life was there; more than life; it seemed as if I could not live outside of those gloomy walls. Oh, how wearily the hours passed!

Twice more did the sun set and rise, and no trace of the real murderer had been found. But there was a possibility, it was thought, that the deed might have been committed by some one who had been a passenger on the same train with the murdered man, to obtain possession of money that might have been carelessly exposed, and that the murderer had escaped by the same train. It was one of the cars of that train that had been wrecked; but all the other cars had escaped uninjured, and so much time had now elapsed that there was little probability that this new theory would ever be substantiated.

I was permitted to visit David each day, and each visit was prolonged to the very utmost. On the third day we wondered why we had not heard from James; for I had told David that I had written to him, and it seemed as if there had been time for a reply to reach us. But it was yet early—for my visits were always made as early as I could be admitted—and I told David that I should yet expect to see or hear from James before another night.

I ought to say that legal advice had already been offered. Several legal gentlemen had visited David, to offer their services and learn what sort of a defence he could make. He simply told them his plain straight-forward story, and said he would wait for a friend who had been sent for before doing anything more. These gentlemen came also and talked with me, and I thought they seemed to be strongly impressed that David was innocent.

A train from Albany arrived at noon, and so confident was I that James would come by that train, that I went to the depot and waited for it. Nor was I disappointed. He came, and we met each other as he alighted on the platform. Two other gentlemen were with him. He grasped my hand, and after our greeting, introduced me to the other two, one of whom proved to be the gentleman who had hired David to go to Vera Cruz, but whom I had not before met. The other was one of the owners of the brig, to whom Mr. Vincent had written. Mr. Vincent was with me, and having been introduced to James and the other who was a stranger to him, we all went to his house.

I felt then as if it; spite of Law, no danger could really come to David. And yet, when James and those other men had heard the whole story, they took so serious a view of the matter that I was frightened again. Of course they had no doubt of David's innocence, and could substantiate, in part, our statements; but ours was the first information that any of the owners of the brig—though it had been supposed that she was lost, with all on board—and whether the murdered man was her mate, and had murdered his captain and deserted us as we asserted,—there were only our own statements for that. Nor had that anything to do with the fact that David had been found standing over the murdered man with a bloody knife in his hand.

They spoke of having the body of the murdered man exhumed—it had been buried two days then—to see if they could identify it; and perhaps it would have been, had not something happened to prevent it.

And even if David's story of the captain's murder were true, it might injure his case instead of helping it, they thought. That is, if suspicion; and when a man is a stern ruler, as I have said. It is a strange story that David has told me; but I believe he has told me nothing but what is true, and we must do all we can to prove it. Has his father been yet notified?"

I told him no—that David could not bear to see him father and mother made acquainted with what had happened.

"That is wrong," he said. "Fathers and mothers have a right to know these things,—as I trust both you and he will live to understand. They have a God-given right to know always of the welfare or the misfortunes of their children. You must promise me to write to his father, without more delay, or I must myself do so."

I gave him my promise that I would write at once—indeed I had already made up my mind to do that—and after an interview of perhaps half-an-hour, the good old man and his son left me, to return home, promising to come back again, however, to assist in securing David's acquittal.

Scarce were they gone, when another visitor came. This last one proved to be a Catholic priest, from Rome. Of course I never was in the State of New York,—which is not very far from Utica. The priest said he had something of great importance to communicate to me—the gentlemen were all out then—and he had hastened from Rome to do it without delay. "But allow me to ask, first," he said, "if you have ever known any man named Tisbury, and if so, where you last met him?"

I think I must have turned pale, I suppose, at the sound of that name, for the man looked at me with some alarm; but in a moment my heart recovered itself, with a bound of joy, for I felt that something had been discovered that would establish David's innocence.

"Oh, yes!" I cried; "Mr. Tisbury was the man who was murdered here. He was mate of a brig in which I went with my husband to Vera Cruz. He murdered his captain, and left us, shut up in the cabin after the vessel was wrecked, to perish. Oh, tell me—tell me, what have you learned of his murderer?"

"That he has met a fearful retribution;—that he received the punishment he so justly deserved;—and that your husband is innocent of having taken his life."

I screamed for joy, and actually fell on the priest's neck and kissed him.

"Pray be calm, my dear," said Mrs. Vandevoort, as calmly as if there had never been cause for joy; and then she asked the man what he had learned regarding the murder.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"I will tell you briefly,' said the priest.

"You are doubtless aware that on the same evening that the murder was committed, a car was wrecked, which belonged to the train going west. Several passengers were killed; others were injured; and these last were all brought back to Rome. Among them was a man who died this morning. Last night, realizing that death was near, this man inquired for a father of the holy Catholic faith, that he might confess and receive absolution. I went to him. He proved to be an Italian seaman. Although a foreigner, he spoke the English language fluently. He said he was about to die, and needed absolution, and I at once got the impression that he had a fearful confession to make.

"Before beginning, the man asked me to put my hand under his pillow, and draw out something that was there. It was a pocket-book, filled with bank-notes, of large denominations. 'There is five thousand dollars in that,' he said. 'It is the price of blood; but I hope mine is the last that will be required for it.'

"Then I told him to make a full confession, and he did so.

"'I was a seaman in the brig Isabella,' he said. 'Captain Gilkey was master, and he had a man named Tisbury for mate. We had been from New York to Vera Cruz, and were returning to New Orleans. There were three passengers on board. The mate knew that the captain had some money, in a trunk in his state-room. He spoke of it to me, one day while we were making the passage out, and after awhile he asked if I would like to share that money. It was a very large sum, he said. Satan told me to say yes, and I did.

"'But we did not murder the captain till we were coming back to New Orleans. Then there came a gale, and when it struck us, suddenly, I plunged a knife into the captain, and we threw him overboard. We had set the others against him, so that they did not care what had become of him; they were glad he was gone, and were ready to go where the mate said with the brig.

"'To get rid of the passengers, who discovered next morning that there had been foul play, we burned them into the cabin, and the steward with them, intending to set them on shore. But the brig got aground, and we had to leave them, or lose our lives. The boat wouldn't have carried us all. Most likely they died there.

"'We saved our lives, and the money, and fell in with a vessel that took us to Matanzas. There we got a chance to come to New York. I kept asking the mate to divide the money with me; but he kept putting me off; till at last he said I should have half of it if I would go with him to Canada. He did not dare to stop in New York, or show the money there; so we started at once for Buffalo; intending to cross over to Canada.

"'But I found that he was only trying to get clear of me. He tried it twice; and then he tried it again at Utica. I stuck so close to him there that he got angered, and struck me. Then I buried my knife in him, and took the money. I had just time to jump on the train again before it started. But I got into the last car,—Satan shoved me into that,—and here I am. I want absolution.'

"Then said the priest, "was the substance of the man's confession. I had heard of the murder that had been committed here, and now I knew that an innocent man had been wrongly accused. That his confession might the more surely secure that innocent man's release, I withheld absolution until the murderer had confessed before other witnesses. I have here a written confession, witnessed by two of the men who are guilty of faith, and I wish you much joy, Mrs. Bias, in the prospect of your husband's speedy release!"

My head swam. For the moment my joy was almost too great. But I snatched the paper from him, as a thing too precious to be longer in any hands but mine, and I called down blessings on his head.

Mrs. Vandevoort asked him to go with us before the proper authorities, which he was very willing to do, and we set out at once. Fortunately we met Mr. Vincent, with James and the other gentlemen, and they accompanied us. Every necessary form was speedily gone through with. The good Catholic father had brought the other witnesses to Utica with him, that nothing might be wanting, and had only a short distance to go for them. The result was, that I went to David's prison again that day, bearing the order for his release.

But my emotion was such that I could not at once speak to him, and I should have fallen, had he not caught me in his arms. I had the written confession in my hand, and seating me upon his narrow prison pallet, he snatched it from me, and ran his eyes over it. "What is this, Mary?" he asked.

"It is life, honor, all—restored! Oh, David, the world knows that you are innocent!—that it has done you wrong!—God in his inscrutable way has made it appear!"

Then David wept. I had never seen him shed tears but once before, and that was when they buried all that that poor mother had, in that cold, lonely grave. My tears fell with his; and while we sat there together weeping, the jailer waited outside. "Come, David," I said, as soon as I could speak again. "let us go."

"Wait; wait, Mary," was all he could say. He wiped his eyes, and made a great effort to calm himself. "I don't know what I need to cry for," he said, after a moment more; "but I couldn't help it. Come, I'll go now."

There was still time to take the evening train for Albany. Mr. Vincent urged us to stay with him until morning; but our hearts so yearned for home that we could not wait. We thanked him over and over again for all he had done for us, and set out that very night, with Mrs. Vandevoort, for Albany. James accompanied us; but the others who had come with him remained, to transact some business of their own. The good Catholic father—we would have given him the last dollar we could have spared—notwithstanding his faith—if he would have taken it; but he would take nothing, saying he was well rewarded for all he had done in witnessing the happiness he had brought to us.

On reaching Albany, we could proceed no further until morning, and of course we all went home with Mrs. Vandevoort. This good, kind, motherly woman—it seemed as if I had never found such a friend before. When I tried to thank her, I could do it only with tears; but she understood, I am sure, how much I felt.

We went home with her, but only to remain till the hour of leaving for the first morning train. James said he would not leave us till he had seen us safe under the old roof, and he still continued with us. The good woman accompanied us to the depot, and parted with us almost as if we had been children of her own. She said that whenever we should come to Albany again we must surely let her know, that she might meet us, and she should expect us to make her house our home.

It was a lovely June day. I thought the world never seemed so beautiful as then. My heart overflowed with gratitude,—a greater, deeper, more joyous gratitude, even, than when David had been restored to me from the sea,—for now, in a few hours more I should look upon the scenes I loved so well—that were almost as dear to me as life—and once more press to my heart my own darling child.

Now James had time to listen to an account of all that had befallen us since leaving New York, and our strange story drew from him many expressions of surprise. We had not told it all when we stopped at a station where a western-going train passed ours. The train had been waiting there, and it began to move forward again even before ours had stopped. We sat upon the side next to it, and as the cars moved slowly past, so near that I could almost have reached my hands into their open windows, the sight of a venerable face, filled with sorrow, and whose eyes met mine, suddenly sent a thrill through my whole being. It was David's father! But in the same instant that I saw him, he was gone.

David had seen him too,—for he sat by my side, while James occupied a seat fronting us. "That was *father*, as sure as you live!" said he.

James started, and asked where.

"On board that train," said David. "He's going to Utica!"

"Are you sure?" asked James, looking out of the window,—the train having now all passed,—and almost in the same breath he exclaimed,

"I declare—it is!—he's locking back!" But before either David or I could see him again he was out of sight.

"I thought you had not written home, Mary," said David excitedly.

"I have not," I said; "I am sure I have not."

"Have you written to them, James?" asked David.

James said he had not; and then we wondered if father could have heard of David's arrest. It must be that he had, we thought. Probably the news had reached him through some of our tradesmen, who took the city papers. However that may have been, nothing was surer than that father was going west by that train; and it was not likely that any but the most urgent business would have drawn him in that direction.

What should we do? Would he stop at the next station and return? That would depend upon whether he had recognized us surely. We thought he had, and that he would come back by the next train. At all events it seemed as if it would be useless to go after him, for the chances would be much against meeting him again.

It took from our enjoyment during the remainder of our ride, to think that the good old man had been led away from home by any rumor that had come to him of that awful murder, and that he should have passed us, filled with sorrow, while we were going home so full of joy. If there had been any certainty of our meeting him, we should probably have stopped, somewhere, and waited for him; but there seemed no better way than to go directly home, and wait for him there. Even should he continue his journey to Utica, he would probable return the next day.

At last we reached Brookfield where we left the train and obtained a private conveyance for the remaining ten miles. Now every house and almost every rock and tree seemed familiar, and to me they were almost like old friends. I almost wanted to greet each one.

We passed the house where David had sought shelter that night from the storm. But mother was not there now. Only the next winter after David and I were married, she had found another home. She did not like to be left alone, and therefore had accepted an offer from a very respectable widower of about her own age, to go and live with him. Everybody said it was the best thing she could do; so they were married, quietly, and she really found a good home. How many there are, who marry for a home!

David did not fail to remind me of that night, as we passed the house. "I wouldn't mind, Mary, going through that part of my life again," he said. "I don't think I ever passed a pleasanter night away from home." And then he told James how it happened that he found me there. "If it hadn't been for that storm," said he, "most likely I should have gone straight by, and Mary might not have been married till this time. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good, is'nt it, Mary?"

It was plain enough that David felt as happy as I. If it had not been for our meeting father, there would have been no cloud above us then. But we could not help thinking at times of that poor old man, seeking for us alone. At last the beautiful valley in which we had lived, opened to view, and then, a gradual descent of three miles more —and we were home.

Fearing to show ourselves suddenly to mother, David and I waited in the carriage while James went in. Doors and windows were open, and we were a little alarmed at not seeing anyone about the house. Where was that little one? "He ought to be toddling round alone by this time," David said, lowly, and we were almost frightened not to see him.

We could hardly endure to wait; but in a moment more we saw Hulda, bringing our child towards us, and we sprang out and met her. But the little dear was so frightened, he would not look at us, and it grieved me, that the little one I loved so should be frightened at his own mother.

"But where is mother?" we asked of Hulda.

She tried to reply; but somehow her words seemed to choke her. James came back, just then, and we saw by his face that something was wrong. "Mother is very ill," he said. "But I hope she will be better now. She wants to see you, but you will have to come to her."

We went in, and found her upon a bed, with a neighbor's wife sitting by her side. It needed but a glance to show that she was burning with fever. She held out both her hands—one for David and one for me—but did not speak. We took them, and pressed them, and our tears fell upon them. Again David wept. At last she said, "David, I have prayed that you might come back. And you, too, Mary. It seemed as if you must be dead. And then—came—that dreadful news!—it made me sick."

I could not have spoken to her then to have saved my life; but I pressed her hand and my hot tears fell upon it,—even though she was only my mother-in-law.

And now, after many years, that seem so short to me, I know that a mother's love for her child endureth beyond all other love, even after the love of the child has been dimmed for her. There is nothing that can quench a mother's love.

Nor is it likely that her faults, with all her years and all her love, can be greater than those of the young mate her child has chosen;—who will in God's good time, if she be spared and blessed, come to feel that same truth, and have that same undying love.

But we sat down then by the bedside, and told mother at last how sorry we were to find her so ill. If love could bring her back to health, she should certainly be soon restored.

She asked if we had seen father; and we told her how we had passed him on the train, and that we felt sure that he would soon come back. We got your letter yesterday," she said. "It made me sick; but I told him he must go. He started this morning."

Again David looked as if he thought I had deceived him. Said he,

"I thought you told me, Mary, that you had not written?"

"I—I surely did not write," I said, more surprised, I am sure, than he.

"What letter did you get, Mother?" asked David.

"Why, Mary's, to be sure!"—and she looked as if she did not know what to think of me. "Didn't you write to us, Mary?"

"Let me see the letter," said David, excitedly, before I could reply. "Where is it, Mother?"

"There," she said, pointing to a desk that stood in the room.

David opened the desk, and the letter was the first thing he saw. Opening that, he glanced quickly over it, and handed it to me. "Can you deny it now?" he asked, as severely as if he had caught me in a lie.

I could not deny it; but I could not understand how that letter came there. I must have written it—I could not doubt it—and then the thought came to me that I must have been wandering in mind at the time and unconscious of what I did. I could only admit to David that I must have been for the time unconscious of what I was doing. "I did not know—I surely did not know that I had written to father," I again repeated.

"Never mind it now," said David; "it will be all right, Mary,—as soon as father gets back and mother gets well."

It was not till James had learned, upon his return home, that I had written two letters, and he had himself written to tell us so, that the truth regarding those letters began to appear. Then, comparing the dates, I could come to no other conclusion than that I had written them while in a somnambulic state. I have no doubt David thought at first that I had deceived him; but it was very much easier for him to believe that I had written those letters unconsciously, or in my sleep, and he now firmly believes it was the last.

Mother was now in great worriment of mind, as she expressed it, on father's account,—because he had started for Utica and we had passed him on the way. But at midnight father came. He had known our faces too well to be mistaken, and, stopping at Pittsfield, had taken the next train back. He had walked all the way from the depot home. Ten miles, in the middle of the night, for an old man like him! But he said he had not minded it, for he had felt sure he would find David at home. O, do not think, all you who are young, that a father's or a mother's love is ever weakened by the weight of years.

We were home, now, all home,—and yet our sorrows were not ended. Nor do I suppose that they can ever be quite ended here;—no mortal must hope for that. David's good mother—my good mother———in-law, never recovered from that fearful shock; which, with what she had already suffered on account of our having been thought to be lost, so shattered her previously weakened system, that at last Death came pityingly and took her away. With a look of love she told us that she must go; "but stay on the farm, David, as long as your father lives," she said to him, and then, when you too shall come, you'll be glad to meet us both again."

"I know, Mary, that you will stay if you can," she said to me; "but I'm afraid David will want you to go away again. But he thinks enough of you, and you can keep him here. I want you should, as long as his father lives. It's a good farm, and he ought to do well on it."

So, even in the hour of death, this good woman's thought was for the welfare of her children, rather than for her own; and I cannot but believe that the light of the Eternal Day will shine all the more brightly for her because of it;—that it is thus we can most surely earn the greeting, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joys of thy Lord!"

At last she passed quietly away, and the poor mortal part that had held her patient, loving spirit, was returned to the earth of which it was. The leaves, too, that had draped the earth with beauty, faded and fell; the grass of the fields withered, and the snows of another winter came and went; and then, filled with the hopeful life of the new year, David and I began again on the farm. Father came back to live with us, under the old roof; but Hulda, choosing to live by herself, remained on the little place he had bought two years before.

And then the years passed quietly,—except that other children came, for David and I to love and care for. There were six; and we have reared all but one. They are still a blessing to us—even that one, though the house has become quiet again, for the others have gone out, one by one, for other homes.

That one—the sweetest, fairest, dearest one (perhaps because she died so young), was taken from our sight,—I know not why —where we could no more look upon her fair form; where we could no more hear the loving accents of her sweet voice; or smooth her silky, golden hair; or feel the warm pressure of her soft little hands. And it is a comfort to me now, to know that she is with one who will care for her so tenderly—who will calm her little sorrows, if any she still has, so lovingly—as she who was my good mother-in-law—her grandmother.

We have reared all the others; and thus it has happened that I can now both speak and feel, not only as a mother-in-law, but as a grandmother. May all my children do the work of life cheerfully and well. And may we all, good friends, so live that we may be a united family in Heaven.

THE END.

CONTENTMENT.

BY THEO. C. PEASE.

Year after year I till my barren field,
And each day's toil brings me but scanty store
For my sweet wife and babes. Close at my door
Hunger has lain, like a grim wolf, concealed.
My neighbor's acres fruitful harvests yield
Of thirty, sixty, yea an hundred-fold;
His barns are filled with grain, his purse with gold,
And all men are his friends.
Yet I have kneeled —
Seeing how ill-content my neighbor is
With all his garnered wealth, his fame his pride —
And thanked God that my lot was not like his,
Though I have but one bare hill's rocky side;
For, while earth's harvests crown his fertile sod,
In my poor field I find not gain, but God.
—*N. Y. Independent.*

Biographical.

THE HUMAN WEBSTER.

[From the Boston Post.

From the recent publication of Harvey's Reminiscences of Daniel Webster, which was not cast at length and appropriately in the *Post*, serves to revive that personal interest in the former idol of New England which only deepens with time and the rapid changes of political relations. The largeness of Webster's character was such that its lustre, like that of the setting sun, illuminates the whole heavens long after his departure. His nature was in no sense insular, but continentual; and though born on the farthest eastern verge of an Union that is bounded by two great oceans, the world, his sympathies stretched out freely till they took every State and Territory in. He has been studied politically, legally and logically, as if, like the Sphinx, his great nature contained forces whose hidden secrets are past finding out; on his purely human side it has not been the habit to contemplate him with the same measure of completeness, but simply to touch on his simplicity, his tenderness, his humor, his benevolence, and even his lavish carelessness, as secondary traits which may or may not have been necessary to his more conspicuous and disinguished qualities. Yet it is, after all, on this side that he is most intensely interesting, and will longest retain his hold on the affections of the latest generations of his countrymen.

He was great in legal attainment, because he struck at the tap-root of principles. After that, all was permanently fixed in his capacious mind. He was irresistible in the compact strength of his logic, because from bottom to top it was merely the stratification of plain and vigorous common sense. He was unsurpassed in lofty statesmanship, because of the native breadth and depth and comprehensiveness of his patriotic sympathies. But as a product that is classed as Man, in whose structure was included and combined these other gifts in the most generous degree, he possesses for the contemplation of his countrymen an interest that may be said to belong to the phenomena of human sympathy. We all glory the more in such a majestic product because we know that it was made of the same clay with ourselves. If our gifts appear so diminutive in comparison with his, he nevertheless is held close to us still by reason of having been of the same origin. While he lived he was named the god-like, though he was even more human in his influence over those who thus expressed their reverence. He walked the same streets with the rest, went in and out of the same doors, ate at the same table, delighted in the same tastes and occupations, and slept and woke at the same hours and under the same conditions. Men of elegant culture like Everett sat at his feet, while honest farmers and fishermen grasped him eagerly by the hand.

No man was more tenderly and simply domestic. He could not paint the secret and sweet joys of home-life in verse, like our Whittiers and Longfellows, but he could create them all for others to versify. At home he was simple rather than humble; it was not poverty that he loved so much as the fine traits which often shine out on its rugged background. He wanted abundance that he might dispense gladness all around him. He would be lord of the manor rather than the millionaire churl. When he distributed his bounty he did it as Heaven distributes sunshine, from the love of giving more then the greed of thanks. He was fond of men in humble and sequestered walks who nevertheless cherished high thoughts which were healthily related to the earth, the sea, the season and the stars. In the Senate Chamber he penned letters concerning his cattle and his crops; in the intervals of statecraft as Secretary he wrote home for a supply of Marshfield beans. He looked forward with the delight of a schoolboy to release from public cares and labors, when he would be following the breaking with his crafty line, or pursuing his oxen in the fragrant furrow, or planning a fresh campaign among his fields and gardens. Under his favorite elm at Marshfield he said there were but two sublime objects that he knew, the ocean and the heavens. He would not have been so grand if he had not been so simple, too.

Those who came into contact with him as a public man were made to feel the strong and healthy influence of his homely qualities. In reporting them it is almost inevitable that his very simplicity should be exaggerated; the writer insensibly seeks to convey with the plain fact the deep impression it wrought upon him. See this "godlike" man rearing in the exuberance of morning spirits at home, through the chambers and pulling the bed-clothes from his intimate mate guests, bidding them in his sonorous voice to awake, arise, or lose forever the matchless glories of the day. Note the precision with which he directs the details for the mountain fishing excursion, and the confidentantly away before the family assembles at the morning table. Recall the childlike tenderness of feeling with which, in his latest years, he directs that his mother's garden be planted afresh with the same sweet pinks and marigolds which were the delight of her eyes in his boyhood. Study the intimacy which he habitually cultivates with the plain and sturdy fishermen among whom he lives, and see the same feeling illustrated in his dying bequest to be borne to his grave on the shoulders of his honest neighbors. What a strange touch of nature it was to order the hoisting of a light to the masthead of his boat every night until he died, that it might be seen from his chamber window till the last hour struck. And what farmer ever loved his oxen so fondly as to request that they should be driven in slow procession before the door when he was able to go out and look into their liquid eyes no longer.

It is not strange that that remarkable death-bed scene at Marshfield should abide longest in the popular memory. The world seemed "lonesome without Daniel Webster" to other than the simple neighbor who so pathetically phrased his personal grief. He died wrapt in the same majestic spirit of simplicity and faith in which he had lived. He would know just where the strange experience of dying was to begin. He tendered his farewells like one who was about to lift anchor and set sail for the illimitable ocean of the life beyond. He repeated the simple psalm of David about the rod and the staff in tones to which his great spirit responded. And with the immortal ejaculation—"I still live"—he passed beyond the confines of mortal sight. There was something more than intellect to be remarked in a final scene like that. Merely great minds do not thus nobly take their leave of earth. It was a grand *nature* that went from among men in that solemn moment, that could not but have passed the greater part of its existence on earth in a solitude known to none but itself. The solitude must have been but the more keenly felt, too, because of the constantly recurring necessity of human communionships. No wonder that men applied that highest of all conceivable epithets to a nature that in truth exhibited in the last supreme hour so much that seemed above the human. Yet it is only as we associate Webster with what is common to the nature of us all that his noble endowments grow more and more resplendent in our sight.

LONG ENGAGEMENTS.

A DISSERTATION ON LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

BY CHARLES L. HILDRETH.

It is the boast of this age that we have finally succeeded in knocking off the shackles of old customs and worn out dogmas. We have, they tell us, vaulted clear over the fence that penned our forefathers up with a host of narrow ideas and obstinate prejudices, and are now wandering about in illimitable space, with truth for a guide and the amplest liberalism for intellectual provender. Prejudice, we are assured, is dead and buried so deep that not even a monagenarian steeped to the lips in the ideas of three generations, could dig it out again. That old beliefs are undergoing demolition and new ones arising in their room is doubtless the fact, as witness the destruction of Shakespeare as a dramatist, and the second advent of Lord Bacon, who comes from the spirit-world — through the agency of a medium—to regale us with such grammar as a school-boy would be soundly flogged for perpetrating. Nevertheless, Prejudice lives, holds its inquisitions, and tortures its victims as remorselessly as it did a century since. While Custom, that beetle-browed task-master, goes about, whip in hand, as authoritatively as in the days of Pharable Phraortes.

There is extant, a magazine of polite literature, cotemporary with Pamela and Sir Charles Grandison, in which a mother conversed with her daughter in about these terms:

"You have now, my dearest child, suffered yourself to be engaged to Sir Stephen these four years, and I can perceive no intention on your part to consummate your marriage for a year to come." "We love each other," returned Eleanor, modestly, "and can wait for thrice that length of time if need be. Stephen is poor and I cannot find it in my heart to engage a step that may involve us both in the deepest distress."

"Yes," replied the mother, "but in the meantime what will the world say?"

"What will the world say?" The world said then, it appears, exactly what it does to-day about such matters, and it is a significant criticism on our boasted social advancement, that the world says about our private personal concerns, has as important a bearing on our comfort as it did a century ago. A fear of the comment which those who have no more interest in us than suffices to pick our characters and complexions to pieces, may make upon our actions, is as rigid a slave-law as ever was enacted, and causes far more misery in the world's *dictum*, which in a Utopian civilization might be merely a wholesome restraint upon the lawless, in this of ours is neither more nor less than a dissection in which the tenderest nerves are probed deepest.

In these times of financial stagnation, the question of safe marriage is a vastly important one. It is no longer the doubt as to whether one's wife is to be afforded fashion and elegance, but whether she can be supplied with the ordinary comforts of life. That man who takes advantage of the love a woman bears him, or her ignorance of practical facts, to draw her into a marriage before he is morally certain of his resources, is nothing less than a criminal; for he wrecks two lives on the selfish impulse of a moment. Love in a cottage, and reliance between himself and her be never so genuine, a succession of materian disasters will inevitably lead to an explosion. Mutual discontent, followed by mutual dislike, steps in, and two persons who, with their stomachs well provided for, and their bodies decently clothed, might have remained dear friends for life, become, from the sheer lack of physical comfort, mutual curses. Or, suppose the exception to be the case; suppose no misfortunes can annihilate their love and trust in each other, what then is the aspect? A pale, suffering woman, miserable in her own unanswered longings, and miserable in her sympathy with her husband's; a nervous, seedy man, moody and shame-faced with his own failure in life, who wonders why he has done a confiding woman. A hell, where the premises called for a heaven. I repeat that a man who makes the woman of his love his wife, before he is assured of the future to a reasonable degree, is a criminal. And yet there is a prejudice ready at hand to force him into working, not only the ruin of his own hopes, but of those of the one who declared she loved him—prejudice called long engagements. The superannuated howl "What will the world say?" comes back from the toothless jaws of the eighteenth century, to be echoed, with a few tasteful variations, by the nineteenth.

What moral wrong there is in a long engagement, Heaven only knows—for no man appears to. If he be asked where is the danger, the answer is such engagements often terminate without a marriage. Nothing could be truer; and to an ordinary comprehension this seems the keenest argument in their favor. If an engagement is so illfounded that it may be broken, then marriage in such a case would be the wildest folly. Is it safe for two people who believe they love to marry in haste, lest they should discover, by waiting a little, that they really never loved at all? Is it politic to pass an irrevocable sentence in a breathless hurry because, perchance, in the course of events, it may be proven, that such a sentence should never have been passed? Such, bared to the bone, is the logic of those who preach the inevitable peril of long engagements.

It is true that a stupid prejudice exists against cancelling an engagement of long standing, no matter how wise or imperative the reasons which impel the act, the opprobrium falling heaviest upon the woman. In this respect, there is perhaps, danger in a protracted engagement, since, if it should be found conducive to the happiness of both parties to annul it, why, in steps a scandal, that blind wisdom, and flings mud on wisdom. Thus because the parties most intimately concerned in the matter, are not permitted to set their own pleasure unmolested, a limited period is allowed for the sealing of a bond that nothing but death or disgrace can cancel. More misery, aye, and crime, has arisen from hasty marriages than from all other human blunders whatsoever. God doubtless limited marriage, but the devil often acts as Master of Ceremonies.

One dread, above all others, is prominent in a woman's heart in regard to long engagements. She dreads growing old. She fears that as her charms fade before the advance of time her value, in her lover's eyes, must decline, and with it his affection. It is a sweet, unselfish dread, but is, or ought to be, unfounded. The man who loves, is blind to the changes time works on the object of his passion. He has gone beyond her face. He loves her mind, her voice, her mere presence, far more than the mould of features that a single week of illness may destroy. Her thoughts, her hopes, her sorrows, become her own. Her little peculiarities of manners furnish a constant charm. There is, and always will be while she lives, something new and attractive developing itself in her every hour. And above all, her love for him, into which, if she be a true woman, she is always weaving some tender grace drawn from her own sweet nature, becomes a tie which, it is well to believe, death itself has no power to sever. He who cancels an engagement between himself and a faithful woman because her personal attractions have deteriorated, is merely a fancier in womanflesh as he might be in dog-flesh, and the chances are he would appreciate the fine points of a wetnosed terrier far more keenly than he would the noblest woman ever created. It is all very well to repeat the truism that no one is perfect, and that it is needful to have charity for each other's faults. But the moment two persons begin drawing on their charity to make each other bearable that moment their love is a dead-letter.

This is not to be mistaken for an exclusive argument in favor of protractive engagements. Many love truly and wisely from the start, and when circumstances permit, no safer means of securing happiness can be taken than an early marriage. Nor is it to be doubted that those who enter soonest upon a well-omened wedded life, attain to more of that contentment of which there is so meagre a stock in this toiling world. But those whom fortune threatens with a protracted engagement are earnestly advised to reflect seriously ere, at the beck of an impalpable prejudice, they fling their life-long welfare to the winds, and to believe that so far from laboring under misfortune and disgrace, they are trying their love, and if it stand the test, are paving for themsel